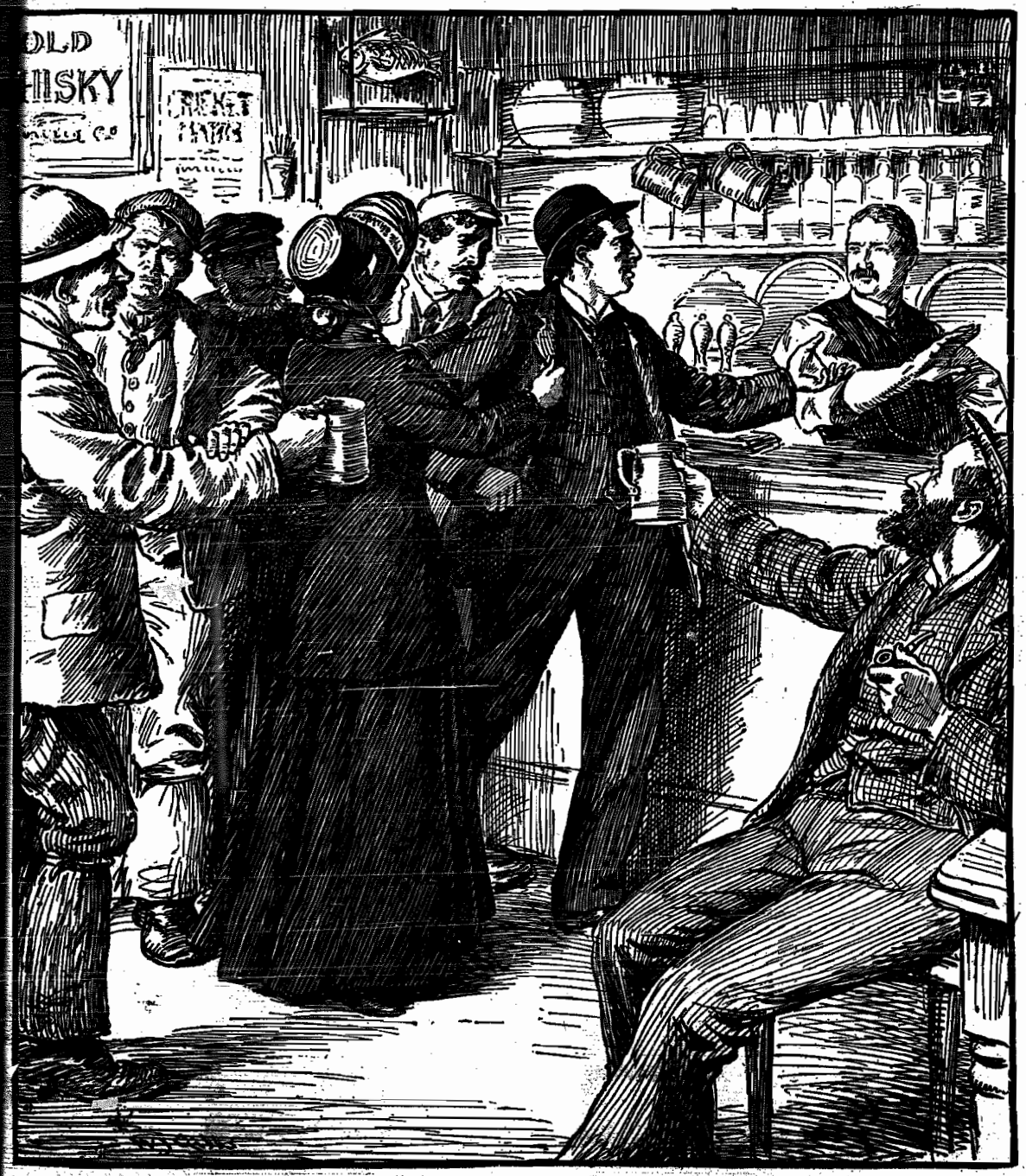
THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

Th Year. No 16. WILLIAM BOOTH, General. TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1911. THOMAS B. COOMBS, Commissioner. Price 5 Cents



LANDLORD STANDS BY ARMY CAPTAIN—NO MORE DRINK FOR JACK!

"In the first public-house the Captain was ahead, and at her request the landlord very willingly refused to serve Jack Hasty."

(See Page Fourteen.)

CUTLETS FROM CONTEMPORARIES

How to Meet a Bull.

Adv'ce by a Noted Bishop.

Reading in The War Cry about the adventure of two Army Officers who were chased by a bull, a correspondent from Essex sends the following as being of some possible use to readers who may find themselves in the same awkward fix.

The noted Bishop Taylor, of California, some of whose meetings our correspondent attended many years ago, gave some hints to young pioneer back-settlement preachers.

"You may," he said, "sometimes have to deal with half-w'ld cattle or savage dogs. Now when you find yourself followed by a young angry bull, you will have to move pretty smartly. But don't lose your head. Look around, and if the field or moor slopes downwards, run down the sloping ground. A bull is comparatively weak on his fore legs, and with his weight thrown forward he w'll run with difficulty and very probably stumble down on h s knees and soon tire.

"If as you aproach a lonely farm house a large savage dog makes for you, don't on any account try to run away, but keep your ground, and as he rushes up to seize your leg whip off your hat to strike him with it. He w'll seize the hat and pull against you till he has torn off the brim, and then he will probably be considerably cooled down."

The bishop naively added: "This will be better than having a strip of your leg torn off, and you will find it much cheaper!"—British Cry.

A Traveller's Stories.

Colonel Bates Lectures in Jamaica.

Said the Colonel: "A young man in Japan was so miserable on account of his sinful condition that he decided to take his life. Whilst seeking a qu et spot, he saw a piece of with the head-line "DECIDE NOW." On picking it up, he fiund it was an old War Cry printed in the Japanese language. He read it, sought out the nearest Salvation Army Off cer to whom he explained his condition, and soon afterwards was led to embrace the Christian faith."

The lecturer gave many interesting references to the customs of Japan, and described a visit to some of the Buddh'st temples. One of the interest'ng customs mentioned was that of a watchman who came round with big clappers every two hours during the night, in order to let the inhabitants know that there was no fire in the locality.

Pass ng on to India, with its 300 millions of people, the Colonel gave what may be termed as a striking missionary address. "Idol worship," he said, "is prevalent throughout the Great Peninsula. In order to acquire mer't, and to appease the wrath of their god, many forms of torture to the'r own bodies are performed. While in Amritsar, I saw a fakir, sitting under a tree, who had sat there with his legs crossed for 25 years. One of these limbs was quite shr'velled up, absolutely useless as a result of inaction. Others go about w th one arm in the air until it has become paralyzed.

In one part of the country I saw a tree covered with little bits of rags. When asking the reason of this, I was told that everyone who passed that way tore off a piece of their clothing and tied it on the tree as an offering to the evil spir'ts which were said to be in the neighbourhood.

Before some fields were horses carved out of stone, which were placed there for the god to ride round the fields at night, and protect the crops from evil sp rits. When asked if they ever saw them on their tours, the answer g'ven was "they never go if you look at them."—West Indian Cry.

A Singing Nation.

English and German Compared.

The Germans (says a writer in The Times) are universally credited (in England) with being a musical nation because they produce a Beethoven and a Wagner; the English are ('n Germany) considered unmusical because they do not do so; the Welsh are considered a musical nation because they like to hear themselves sing; and so on for a hundred sweep'ng statements, in none of wh ch are the bed-rock facts examined, or the logical conclusions reached.

And so with a conglomerate nation such as the English it is idle to ask whether we are a sing'ng nation, for even in a s ngle county one riding will possess choruses which are the envy of the world; its neighbour will be mute. But it may be assumed that, in any collection of Engl'sh people, a working proportion are desirous of s nging, and can be got to sing adequately under reasonable guidance. The question follows: Is it desirable to get them to sing?

This question is not the simple one that it looks. There is a strong and authoritat ve section of the musical world holding the op'nion that choral singing has been the curse of Engl sh musical life. The overpowering and elemental nature of the "Messiah" choruses (to say nothing of "Elijah"), appealing as they do to many deep-rooted but non-musical national tra ts as well as to our musical sense, would seem, according to this argument, to have made a Beethoven quartet or a Brahms symphony a rarefied and incomprehensible form of pleasure to the mult tude. Solo singing, it is added, exalts human personality to the pitch where art'stic ends cease to count.—Bandsman, Songster, and L. C.

Do Your Duty Now.

And To-morrow will be Alr'ght

Let us live only by the minute,
  Not even by the day or hour,
Our life has too much hazard in it
  To dare forespend one moment's power.

The glance of fear toward to-morrow
  Can paralyze the hand to-day;
The gaze of hope such light can borrow
  As dazzled Duty on her way.

Were this our only day,
  Did not our yesterdays and morrows give
To hope and memory their interplay,
  How should we bear to live?
"To day," unsull'ed, comes to thee new-born,
  To-morrow is not thine:
  The sun may cease to shine
For thee ere the earth shall greet its morn.

Be earnest, then, in thought and deed,
  Nor fear approaching night;
  Calm comes w'th evening light,
And hope and peace; thy duty heed "to-day."

—Austral'an Cry.

Vehicles of Ceylon

As Seen by An American O ficer.

We were great'y interested in the mode of transportation. Horses are at a premium. Only the very rich can afford them. But bullocks, sma'ler than any I've ever seen—about the s ze of an American yearling—run about hitched to small carts, and from six to a dozen h'tched to big loads. The most popular way to get about the city is in the 'rikisha, which is pulled by a coolie. You can go a m le for two cents. The natives trot all the time, and I must confess I enjoyed my r'des in these 'rikishas immensely.

Col. Brengle seemed to be afraid his human horse would exhaust himself after trotting more than two miles w thout stopping, but they [illegible] us they would run for eight and [illegible] miles.—American Cry.

Where the Tigers Prowl.

Colonel Sowton Visits Indian Villages.

Colonel Sena S'ngh (Sowton) and Sena Bai (Mrs. Sowton) have [illegible] concluded (says Jeya Prakash) [illegible] campaign in the Mahratta Territory.

Mahratta village life was [illegible] perfection at Deegaon, to [illegible] which we had, after three miles [illegible] good road to cross another three [illegible] ploughed fields, ruts, and stones, in a springless bullock cart. On the way we passed a thicket where a tiger was known to be prowling. The people f l'ed our spacious Hall, and we finished up with four souls at the penitent-form.

While crossing the fields on our return from the village we lost our way. The night being pitch dark and the thought of the tiger [illegible] about created a somewhat [illegible] feeling, and it was a great [illegible] when Manor Gunwanti Bai [illegible] us she had discovered the right path wh ch eventually brought us out so that we arr'ved at the Divisional Headquarters about midnight safe and nearly sound.—Indian War Cry.

Joe the Turk's Umbrella.

No Wonder it Draws the Crowds.

Crowds are as the breath of life to Garabed. He must have them. Let others talk to brick walls and closed doors. He will not. That is why he adopts such strange devices. There is, for nstance, h's umbrella.

It is of great size, covered with The Army co'ours—yellow, red, and blue—and is illum'nated by nine electric lights of different hues. It is art stica'ly decorated with the likeness of The General, The Army Mother, Mr. Bramwell Booth (the Chief of the Staff), and Commander Eva Booth, who is in charge of the work in the United States. In raised letters of fe't the folowing mottos are arranged upon this wonderful piece of ingenuity: "Be just and fear not." "Jesus is mighty to save," "Get r ght with God," and "God bless our General."

Surmounting the whole is a novel design of the "Statue of L'berty enl'ghtening the world," containing an electric light in the torch.

The umbrella of "Joe the Turk" as our comrade is famil arly called, is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard, from the great inland lakes of America to the Gulf of Mexico.—All the World.

The Praying League.

General Prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

1. Pray for all comrades who are sick and away from the battle's front.
2. Pray for the beloved General.
3. Pray for the work of God in all lands.
4. Pray for Commissioner Rees as he comes to take charge of this Territory.
5. For the restoration of Comm'ssioner Coombs' health.

SUNDAY, Jan. 15.—Visitors From Heaven. Genesis xviii.: 1-16.
MONDAY, Jan. 16. — For Abraham's Sake. Genesis xix.: 1-29.
TUESDAY, Jan. 17.—Withheld From God. Genesis xx.: 1-16.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 18.—Triumphant. Genesis xxi.: 5-8; xx'i.: 1-14.
THURSDAY, Jan. 19.—Unconditional Covenant. Genesis xxii.: 15-18; xxiii.: 1-19.
FRIDAY, Jan. 20.—The Trusted Servant. Genesis xxiv.: 1-21.
SATURDAY, Jan. 21.—Led Right by God. Genes's xxiv.: 22-51.

DESIRES OF THE HEART.

[Concerning these verses Ensign John McDougall, of Pollokshaws, writes: "They have a singlar history. While stationed at a seaside Corps it was my custom to visit weekly a home for aged and infirm mar nes, and I became acquainted with one of the inmates, a converted man. He gave me the original copy, which he told me he had snatched from the cabin of a burn'ng ship. It was badly charred, and since I copied the verses it has completely perished."]

My God, in me Thy mighty power exert;
Enlighten, comfort, sanctify my heart,
Sweeten my temper and subdue my will,
Make me like Jesus, with Thy Spirit fill.

I want to live on earth a life of faith;
I want to study all the Bible saith;
I want to imitate my Saviour's life,
Avoiding lightness, gloom, and sinful strife.

I want to bring poor sinners to Thy Throne;
I want to love and honour Thee alone;
I want a meek, gentle, quiet frame,
A heart that glows w th love for Jesus' name.

I want a living sacrifice to be,
To Him who died a sacrifice for me;
I want to do whatever God requires;
I want my heart shall burn with pure desires.

I want to be what Christ, my Lord, commands,
And leave myself, my all, in His [illegible] hands.
I want to know the Spirit's [illegible] power,
To quicken hope and patience [illegible] hour.

O Lord, by Thy great love, [illegible] my soul,
My will, my temper, and my [illegible] control;
Lead me through l'fe to glory by [illegible] grace,
Till in a l ttle while I see Thy [illegible].

CAN MEN BE HOLY?

It is very singular what [illegible] for them; Holiness is, and [illegible] it is spoken of outside of [illegible] Army Holiness Meetings [illegible] probably because so few [illegible] [illegible] speaking [illegible] it is. When the state of Holiness is mentioned to them they [illegible] mean a condition of [illegible] [illegible] such as, we are sure, [illegible] not expect from anybody [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

LONDON AT PRAYERS.

The Men without a Home.

By CHARLES MORLEY.

O!" cried the Commissioner; "he was a new man!"

Loud clapping of hands, stamping of feet, Amens.

"Old things passed away—I be e new. If you realized what peace I feel you didn't hesitate a moment. I know how hard when a man's been a rebel—but try. Three after I was converted I was in one of The y Homes, and very downhearted to think I sunk so low. I went out for a walk; I walked ight into a public-house—comrades, my feet ed to take me there without my knowing

There was much laughter at this.

The Commissioner: "Don't laugh! Sin is nable—don't laugh at it, for God's sake!"

"The devil told me to go in. I called for a ss of beer—it was put before me on the nter; then the better Spirit spoke to me." clenched his fist, and shook it at an imaginglass hovering in the air like Macbeth's dagand played for us the fierce struggle. "I torn in two, I tell you; I wrestled with the ll in that bar for ten minutes, and the sweat off me like water. But I won, comrades! I . They thought I was mad—and so I was; by God's help here I am, sane and whole. never touched a drop since, and have kept ny a man from it."

"Hallelujah!" "Saved."

Other testimonies followed from Officers and diers, and then came a scene affecting, dramc, full of emotion.

The Commissioner goes to the desk; the ers on the platform kneel.

"Bow your heads!" says the Commissioner, low but far-reaching tones.

The congregation bows its head, the white, e grizzled, the iron-grey, the matted and zled, the straight, the bald—all weary, dazed. d humming with many sensations. Only the owns of heads and bunched-up shoulders are be seen.

The Commissioner: "God has sent you this vitation. Don't wait to repent. The morning's ung."

Soldiers: "Amen—Amen."

Silence.

The Commissioner: "Now who will come up the form and pray?"

A long pause; wailing notes of music echog, flying out of open windows. A sob here d there. Coughs. The scraping of feet. A neral huskiness.

The Commissioner: "Oh! don't wait—come!" form is moved. "That's right. I'm so glad! ake way for him. Come this way, brother—the ord bless you!"

A poor shaggy fellow has risen from his lace at the end of one of the benches, and with enched teeth, with an evident struggle, eyes aring right in front of him, lest he should be eakened by mocking glances, he reaches the ench under the platform, where two or three fficers are pacing to and fro, one Major Asinal, another Adjutant Bell, with an accord on lung round his neck. He is fingering it softly s he walks. One of them receives the penitent ho kneels, and buries his face in his hands.

The Commissioner (solemnly): "God is here. He is with us in this meeting."

A hush as though God was walking in our idst. A long pause.

The Commissioner: "Now another—who'll be next? I don't want to steal you from your Church, only to steal you from the devil. Oh! the devil is stalking about London; he is waiting for you outside. Now, who'll be the next to take the Water of Life? Next man for a drink! Come—come and drink! Come and stoop!"

Moved by a succession of such thrilling phrases, two men rise. One is evidently struggling; his neighbour is trying to hold him down.

The Commissioner: "Jump over them, if they won't let you come—jump over them, brother; the world will oppose."

The other releases his hold, and hides his head. The two men advance from different parts of the Hall.

The Commissioner: "Kneel, brothers; kneel, and beg forgiveness for your sins."

Muttered prayers, and muffled ejaculations by Officers who move to and fro, hovering over the penitents. Notes of harmonium, chords, wailing, pathetic minors, which die away. A hush.

Then, suddenly, all heads being bowed, a dull thud startled every man of us, and we felt the thrill of panic in the air. Far away from the platform, in a dim corner, a little knot of men had risen, and were bending down. I saw one seize a pannikin and dash the water out of it. Then a number of arms were extended, and they heaved, and the sound of some heavy thing being drawn along the floor caught my ear. I looked inquiringly at the Soldier next to me.

"A man dropped down."

"Is he dead?"

"Only fainted, I think."

"Only!"

"It often happens."

The incident was over in less than a minute, and the only woman present amongst all this great congregation of men comes to the desk—a frail figure in dark clinging garments, with ascetic features almost hidden in her bonnet—and with head slightly inclined, begins to speak in soft tender tones. It becomes a wail, beseeching, imploring, now and then sinking almost to a whisper. It is but a simple prayer that is spoken, but the music of the voice casts a spell over the meeting.

"O God, on this Sunday, the first of the New Year, we thank Thee for Thy wonderful mercies ——"

"Amen." "Amen." "Hallelujah."

"Put matters right for us—wash out our sins—give us a clean slate—blot out our long black past——"

"Hear us, O God!" "Hear us—hear us!" "He will." "Come to His Cross!" "Come away over Jordan."

"——purge us of our sins and evil thoughts—bless those who are sitting on yonder benches. O Lord, extend Thy blessed mercy to them."

One after another, penitents step up, and, kneeling, hide their heads in their arms.

The woman descends amongst them, and prays now with one, now with another, offering solace, no doubt, hope, peace—possibly the only sympathetic words that the ears of those penitents have heard from a good woman for many a long year.

"Who's next?" cries the Commissioner. "That's right, the twelfth, the thirteenth. Ah, here's another. The Lord is waiting; don't keep Him, don't put it off. He's a wonderful God. Help these men, O Lord; we crave Thee wash out their black sins.

Jesus now is passing by, ...
Who'll go out to meet Him?

Room for more yet. Ah! Jesus has taken hold of him. Come along, brother! We don't come to you as a different set of folks; we're not a superior lot; we are mortals who have struggled and know your cares, your fears, your sins and sorrows——"

A man whose head is swathed in bandages steps up at this point.

"How did you get that, my man?"

"I was knocked down and nearly killed."

"Why? Have you made up your mind to have done with your sins?"

"Yes."

"Ah! He's given up his idol! Cast out your idols God bless you, my poor brother."—he had thrown down his pipe. "Then kneel. Any more? Still room. We are not paid to do this—there is no payment by result; our only business is to persuade you to be converted. Never mind what sort of man you have been—God will help you to blot out your sin."

All through this dramatic scene imagine the notes of music, fragments of hymns, spasmodic sobs terrible to hear, murmurs, ejaculations, prayers, the shuffling of feet, intermingling with coughs and moans, with common talk, and even the stertorous snorings of men sleeping heavily.

At last the congregation begins to disperse, and goes forth into the wintry streets, homeless once more. I, too, stepped down from the platform to follow them, when I saw the Commissioner suddenly stop the last man who had come to the penitent form.

"You have been here before?" he said.

"Yes."

"A backslider?"

"Yes."

"I've got no work for you. Didn't I put you into one of the 'Elevators'?"

"Why did you leave it?"

"I had a few words with the Captain."

"Temper! You have sinned against God. Sin lieth at your door; have you cast it out from your heart?"

"Yes."

"Then kneel and pray. Let the wicked man forsake his sin, and he shall be delivered."

In the damp, dark corridor, its stone flags smeared with mud deposited by hundreds of feet, a few downcast men of various ages were standing apart, leaning against the wall, with their eyes fixed moodily on the ground, hands in pockets of trousers or overcoat, waiting until the last.

The penitents, some thirty, were still kneeling. I could hear their prayers in the distance,

Oh! take me as I am.
Oh! take me as I am.

Later on their histories would be sifted and sorted, and perhaps some of them would be put into an "Elevator," and lifted up. But, alas! man's tendency is to accept without much resistance the universal law of gravitation.

Band Chat.

The Fernie Band experienced great times on the 20th of December, the date fixed for the presentation of silver instruments. A most elaborate and up-to-date programme was arranged for this special occasion. The musical blizzard was opened by the "Victory March," followed by a vocal duet by Sister W. Ratcliffe and Songster-Leader Gallimore. A cornet solo by the Bandmaster showed his great capabilities of triple tonguing. "Songs of Gladness," "Consecration," and "Great Masters No. 2" selections were rendered in an up-to-date style, and helped to rouse the music-lovers of the "Western Mining Town." Other vocal and instrumental items were well rendered. Owing to the absence of the Mayor, who was suddenly called away from town, the presentation was made by Alderman Back, who did his duty in a creditable manner. The different instruments were presented as follows: Soprano cornet, W. Ratcliffe; Bb cornet, Bandsman Dickens, Bb cornet, Bandsman Brown; solo horn, Bandsman F. Rominson; first horn, Band Sergeant Davery; solo euphonium, Sergeant-Major Goodwin, and Eb bass, Bandsman Davidson.

After a few complimentary remarks by the Rev. Mr. Dimmock, the programme came to a close with the band playing "The Ketter'ng March."—F. W. R., Band Correspondent.

*

The Guelph Bandsmen did something novel between the hours of 10 p.m. on last Sunday night and 2 a.m. on Monday morning. They serenaded the residential districts of the city. A heavy fall of snow did not interfere with them in the least way, and as for the low temperature—the men did not care a snap of the fingers for it! They were not after money, either, but played their music solely for the purpose of reminding the people of the true meaning of Christmas. The effect of this new move on the part of the Band was decidedly good, and many nice comments on the Band have since been made.

On Monday night the Band gave a musical festival, in which the Blackpool and Western States marches were played. One other item of which mention must be made was a trio by the Brothers Foord (cornet, trombone, and monstre). These comrades have, together, put in over 40 years' service in The Army. Twenty-five dollars went to swell the Band Fund as a result of the festival.

On Wednesday, Dec. 28th, the Band visited the Central Prison Farm.

*

The Fredericton Band, under the leadership of Captain Howland, is making rapid progress. The Band has turned out to every open-air meeting since the Captain has been in command. Bandsman Craig has farewelled for Chatham, and Band Treasurer Lyons has taken up first baritone. The Captain has formed a male choir in connection with the Band. Also a whistling brigade, which, altogether, gives Fredericton a Band that shall conquer the foe.—Slide.

*

Kingston.—The Band recently gave a musical meeting. Such pieces as the Blackpool and Victory marches, and selections Songs of Gladness and Great Masters met with well-deserved applause. The Bandsmen put in good work at Christmas time and raised $123.

Two Bandsmen are responsible for Thursday night's meeting, also Saturday night's. With the rest of the Band behind them playing and praying, we believe God will honour our efforts with a greater outpouring of His Holy Spirit, and bring souls into the fountain.—Band Corr.

8106. DAVIS, HARRY. Age 19, height 5 ft., fair hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Not been heard of since January, 1910. Last-known address: Grafton, Ontario.

8183. JONES, JOHANNA. Age 26, height 5 ft. 2 in., dark hair, left Liverpool (Eng.) about 12 years ago for Canada. Father and mother both dead. Friends anxious for news.

In Search of Colonists

AN INTERVIEW WITH STAFF-CAPTAIN WAKEFIELD.

"WHAT am I going to England for? Well, chiefly to secure a few suitable families to place on the new colony at Coombs, B.C." So spoke Staff Captain Wakefield in answer to the query of a War Cry representative, who caught him just before he started on his long trip eastward.

"Coombs, eh! that name is very familiar here. Can it be possible that the colony is named after Commissioner Coombs?"

"Exactly! It was the suggestion of Mr. Marpole, the Vice-President of the Esquimault and Nanaimo Railway, that the colony should be so named. A very nice name for it I think."

"Whereabouts is this new colony situated?"

"On Vancouver Island, not a great way from the City of Nanaimo, that is as we reckon distance out West, you know. Just a matter of seventy miles or so."

"And can you tell me something about the founding of the colony?"

"Sure thing; tell you all about it if you like. I was the pioneer on the job, right in at the beginning, had to select the land and then select the settlers to cultivate that land. Then I made my report to Commissioner Coombs and Colonel Lamb, and they made all arrangements with the Railway Company as to the securing of the Colony, and the terms upon which the colonists were to occupy it. It strikes me as a real good thing all round, both for the settlers and the Province."

"How will the settler benefit by the scheme?"

"Well, each settler who decides to locate there will find five acres of his plot already cleared for him and 2 1-2 acres already in crop. Besides that, he will find a nice four-roomed bungalow already for occupation, a well sunk near it, and a woodshed erected in a convenient position. He will also observe that a wire fence runs around the cleared five acres. The remaining part of his land—fifteen acres—is just thick bush, and he will have to clear that himself."

"And what Good Samaritan has done all this for him?"

"Why, the Railway Company, of course, and in addition to all these advantages they guarantee the colonist employment at the current rate of wage till he is able to make his farm pay. You see, a settler going into a bush country finds it a difficult thing to raise sufficient produce the first year to make any profit on his outlay. Under the old conditions, when a man had to first clear the land of timber before he could start ploughing, it was an impossibility to raise crops the first year and many years would pass by before he could hope to be in a state of prosperity. This new plan gives the settler a good start, but still he has to rely on outside work to keep things going for a year or so."

"What sort of crops do you expect to raise on the Colony?"

"Chiefly vegetables and small fruits for the present. With only twenty acres to farm a man has to be taught what we call intensive farming, or how to make the most out of every acre."

"And who is going to teach him this if he does not know?"

"We have an experienced farmer located right on the Colony in the person of Ensign Crego. He is there for the purpose of seeing to the welfare of the Colonists; both temporally and spiritually, and not only does he advise them as to the best way of planting their land, clearing off the bush, and caring for their crops, but he also acts as pastor of his little flock, and holds meetings for the purpose of getting them to care for their souls. We also have a school on the colony with a Government-appointed teacher. The attendance?—oh, about fifteen, I guess."

"And now tell me how the Province benefits by this scheme?"

"Gets more population. You see this part of the country has been nothing but a howling wilderness up to the present. The difficulties in the way of settlement were so great that the boldest shrank back from it. I tell you it's no joke for a man to take up a plot of ground and immediately be confronted with the task of chopping down big Douglas firs that tower up into the air a few hundred feet or so, and are thicker than two ordinary trees. Now, however, the Railway Company has come to the rescue, and by clearing a portion of the land they make it more attractive for people to settle there. And, of course, it's plain to everybody that the progress and prosperity of a country like this are in direct ratio to the rate in which it gets cleared and settled."

"How many colonists are there at Coombs now?"

"We have only six families there at present, but we may have double that number next year. We are beginning small, you see, and feeling our way as we go along."

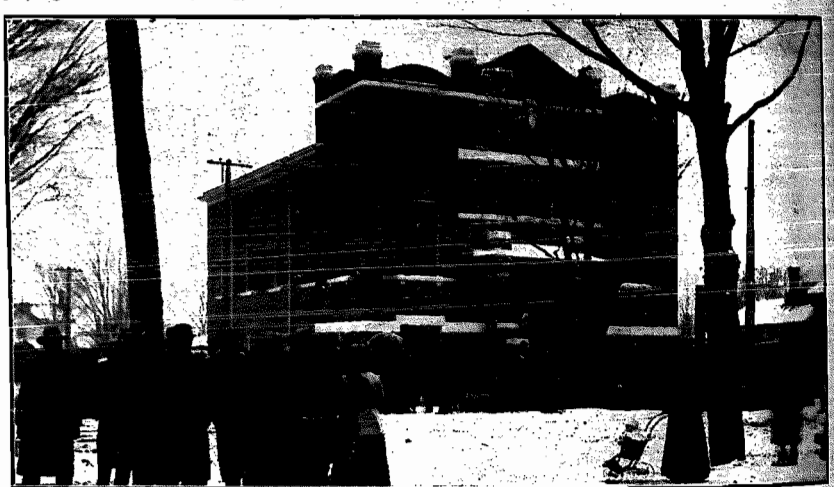
"I see. Then there's no immediate danger of flooding the western markets with vegetables and fruits?"

The Staff-Captain laughed loud and long.

"Man," he said, "d'ye know that British Columbia annually expends hundreds of thousands of dollars in importing such products? Oh no, our colony and a hundred more like it would find no difficulty in disposing of their produce right on Vancouver Island. Up in the mining and logging camps there is always a good demand for vegetables, and in Vancouver we have a large market right at our doors, and a larger one at Victoria a bit further away. But now I must be off to England to find some more settlers. Good day." And he raised his hat and moved towards the door.

"One more question, Staff. What sort of people are you going to keep your eye open for?"

"Gardeners," he said. And he was gone.



The Opening Ceremony of Oshawa's New Citadel.

OPENING OF OSHAWA'S NEW CITADEL

By F. L. FOWKE, ESQ., M.A.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

It is just over a year ago that Commissioner Coombs visited Oshawa. He was at once impressed with the opportunities for extending The Army's work in the town and putting it on a better standing. And one of the ways in which he proposed this should be done was the building of a new Citadel. At the time of the Commissioner's visit the Army possessed only a small hall; to-day there stands in its place a fine brick and stone-faced Citadel, of which the whole town is justly proud. The people have watched the growth of the Corps and its general prosperity, and were only too willing to assist in the erection of a substantial building for such a creditable and ever-increasing body of people.

On Saturday, December 17th, Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen, the D.O.C., assisted by Major Miller, the architect, also Mrs. Miller, Staff-Captain White, Adjutant Coy, and Captain Halpenny, conducted a lively meeting in the Temperance Hall. A good crowd was present. The Band, which for a long time now has been well up among the Bands who can be "famous" before their names, rendered splendid music. Mrs. Major Miller read the Bible lesson. Three souls, including a man and his wife, sought salvation.

Things looked good for the Sunday when Lieut.-Col. Turner took charge of the day's events. In the morning a very inspiring Holiness Meeting was conducted by him in the Temperance Hall. Brigadier Morehen read the Bible lesson and chief address. At 2.30 p.m. the Colonel met the young men of the Simcoe St. Methodist Church, and by the request of the minister gave them a short address. Then came the opening ceremony proper. A short service was held outside the new Citadel, to which a great crowd had flocked and were flocking all the afternoon. Staff-Captain White, in prayer, dedicated the new building to the glory of God and the work of saving souls, and then Major Miller presented the

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THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS

ess of New Railway.

is confidently expected that the Trunk Pacific Railway will be leted early in 1913. Canadians then have a ra lway stretching Moncton, on the Bay of Fundy, Prince Rupert, on the Pacific t. Mr. Chamberlin, the Vice ident and General Manager of G. T. P., states that after Jan no less than eighteen hundred s will be employed getting in lies for the work to be carr ed next year west of Edmonton. e fifteen hundred were engaged year at the same work. On the ific side work is being done on four tunnels on the upper Skee representing a total of about feet. He also states that at 675 miles of steel would be re ed for the branches during 1911. He visiting the country both east west of the Rocky Mountains, vice-president reached the con ion that the mineral wealth of country traversed by the Grand nk Pacific will surprise the world. thinks that Edson, the heart of coal deposits, will become a estown, and that another city will Spr ng up in that country.

nada's Destiny.

Mr. F. W. Green, one of the dele es of Western farmers to Ottawa, secretary of the Saskatchewan ain-Growers' Association, recently livered an address in Montreal on he Western Farmer and His eds." He stated that the men the West had a large vision, they w that Canada was destined to lead e world.

"I have been up to the top of ount Royal," he said, and when I oked down on the city of Montreal, thought of the words of the old mn:

ould I but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
ot Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Could fright me from the shore.

"Up there on the top of Mount oyal I w shed that I could take the eople of Montreal and Canada's usiness men up to the summ t of a ountain from which they could see ll Canada—to see the whole of this ondrous country, and your duty to ards it, wh ch is destined to lead the orld in the solution of the probl ms of the twentieth century. It ill quote for you the words of Presi ent Lincoln, who when ded cating he field of Gettysburg, said: 'We re met here to dedicate this field s the final resting place of the men who gave their lives that the nation might live. It is fitt ng and proper, ut in a larger sense we cannot dedi ate, we cannot consecrate. The he brave men living and dead have one that. It is for us the living to edicate ourselves to the unfinished work they here so nobly carr ed on, or us to consecrate ourselves to the nfinished task remaining before us. hat work for us is the establishment of British ideals in the wonderful ountry, which is destined to lead the world in the solut on of the pro lems of the twentieth century—it is to us, the l ving, this great monu ment will be dedicated."

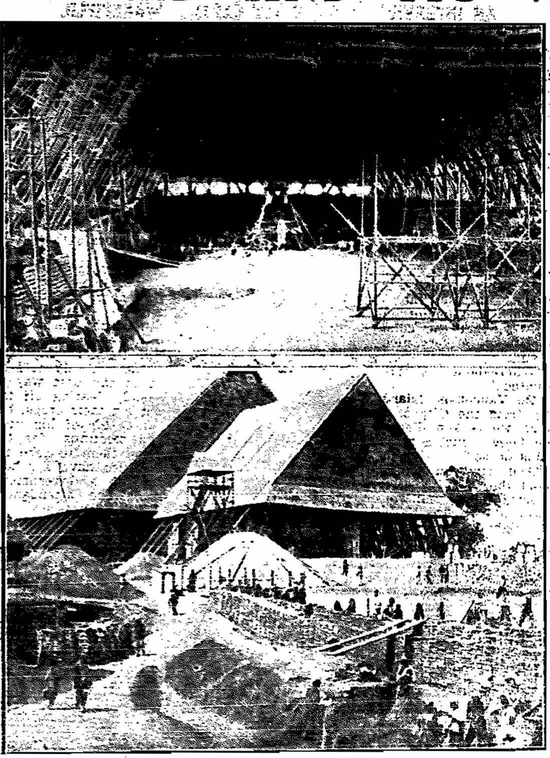
Anti-Opium Campaign.

The Oriental Secretary of the In ternational Reform Bureau, wr ting from Pekin, says:

"We are in the thick of the fight, and believe victory is in sight. The Chinese people are aroused and at work to free their beloved land from opium. From the highest off cials here in Pekin, to the common people throughout the country, all are talk ing of how China shall be free from opium. The editors are taking it up, and the students by thousands are considering the subject and sending appeals to Great Brita n that the opium treaty may be abrogated. It is the grandest reform movement of the present time. Letters and cable grams are going out to all the papers of the world, and every nation is watch ng China's magnificent fight for strength and freedom.

During the past week the Brit sh Government has been seekng to per suade Ch na to make a new opium treaty; wh ch would fix the opium trade for years to come on China, regulated with yearly reduction, it is true, but still a money-making opium trade.

The Chinese Government was about ready to give in, the treaty was almost s gned. Then this great national ant opium movement, headed by members of the national Assembly came at the right time to help the Government. The danger for the present is past. China will not sign that treaty. Now is England's opportun ty. Will she respond to Ch na's cry? Will the Christian people of the British Empire work as never before to free the millions of Asia from this deadly foe?



A PUPPET IN LIFE: IN DEATH A GREAT EMPEROR: THE $2,750,000 TOMB FOR THE LATE RULER OF CHINA, UNDER CONSTRUCTION

1. To be the rest ng-place of the late Emperor or China: the interior of the great burial vault, roofed with bamboo, covered with matt ng.
2. Shelter for the workers who are constructing the sepulchre for the late Emperor of China: the temporary roofs over the burial vault.

In life Hsuan-T'ung was no more than a puppet worked by the late Empress Dowager and by the Regent: in death he is a great Emperor, a formidable figure, and as such he is to have a magnificent sepulchre, which s now being built in the ne ghbourhood of the Western Tombs. The work is going on at a spot that is desolate, but not without grandeur. A thousand workmen are engaged, and there has sprung up a village which might almost with reason be called a town. The burial vault is to be about 162 yards in length, 65 in w dth, and 11 in depth. In it will be various rooms and num erous corridors, forming a regular labyrinth. The coffin, hav ng been set in place, will be walled up; but it s not likely that its bearers will share its fate, as they used to in other days. Seven million francs have already been spent on the erection, and at least an equal sum will have to b found.

Canada's Rapid Progress.

Speaking in London recently, Lord Strathcona referred to the rapid growth of Canada.

"Nearly seventy-five years ago," he said, "he could remember when Canada was only throught of in connection w th its fur exports from the North-West and its timber from Quebec and the eastern seaboard. Now in London they were beginning to realize what even Canadians did not realize t ll lately: how great were the potential ties of the Dominion. Its development must go on and on. The generations coming after would look upon the present prosperity as a mere bagatelle."

Alluding to the presence beside him of the Hon. Price Ell son, Minister of F nance and Agriculture of the Province of British Columbia. Lord Strathcona spoke of the days when that great Province was only thought of as a sea of mountains; today its resources in t mber and minerals were known to be a most inexhaustible, while as to ts fruit-growing capabilities the tables they were sitting at and the great show at the Royal Horticultural Hall the prev ous week had borne testimony. He congratulated Mr. Ellison upon the financial pos tion of his Province, which only a few years ago had no credit and was now able to lend money instead of coming to London to borrow.

Blow for Kidnappers.

A strong blow to the Black Hand k dnapping bands, who have been working in New York and other American cities, was recently delivered by Judge Fawcett. After mercilessly scoring two of the gang as a menace to the community and deserving of the death penalty, the court gave them the maximum sentence for kidnapping—an indeterminate period of from twenty-five to forty-n ne years and ten months in State's prison.

They were convicted recenetly in quick trials of having abducted and held in captivity eight-year-old Guiseppe Longo and Michael Rizzo, seven years old, sons of well-to-do Brooklyn Italians.

The Longo boy was kidnapped on November 19 last, and a few days later the Rizzo child d sappoared. The Longo boy's parents soon received a letter demanding $15,000 for the return of their ch ld. The case, being put into the hands of Deputy Police Commiss oner Flynn, a clue was obtained to the whereabouts of the supposed kidnappers, and in a sensat onal raid on a house in East 63rd street the Longo child was found and ten prisoners were made, two of them women. It is to be hoped that these scoundrelly gangs are now broken up.

Sheep-raising in Canada.

The question of raising sheep n Canada is now being discussed, and in an article to the press Mr. Rutherford, Dominion Livo Stock Commis!oner, says: "The impress on is evidently gain ng ground amongst the breedrs of pure-bred sheep in Canada that the only prospect of securing for themselves a steady annual market for their surplus stock lies in the direction of the encouragement and development of sheep rais ng, as a bus ness in our own country." He goes on to discuss the prospects of disposing of the sheep in American, British, and European markets. "The English wool market," he says, "is the centre of distribution for the product of the great wool-producing countr es of the world, including Australia, New Zealand, and the Argentine. If the sheep industry in this country can ever be developed to reasonable proportions, it is not to be expected that any more natural or reliable market can be found for surplus Canadian wools. In addit on to th s, when the extent of the industry may make possible the necessary grading and sorting of the product, such that it may be placed upon the British market in attractive condition, the prices realized may be found much more remunerat ve than those at present obtained."

But he also sees good prospects of a home market, and says that a material increase in the sheep population of the country would create this. It is probable therefore that sheep-raising may soon become a profitable indsutry in this country.

International Peace.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie recently donated ten million dollars to be used to hasten the abolition of international war and establish a last ng world peace. The method in which the money shall be expended is left entirely in the hands of the trustees of the fund. The foundation is to be perpetual, and when the establishment of universal peace is attained, the donor provides that the revenue shall be devoted to the banishment of the "next most degrading ev l or evils," the suppression of which would most advance the progress, elevation, and happiness of men."

This latest gift of Mr. Carnegie brings the total of his benefactions to something like a hundred and eighty million dollars.

Restrict Sale of Firearms.

The police report for Ontario, in dealing with murder cases, says: "Having regard for the importance of the protection of the public and for the further fact that the offenders were drawn from an element whose regard or human life is not so h gh as that demanded by Canadians, and also bearing in mind that 15 foreigners were convicted for carrying concealed weapons, it cannot be too strongly urged that offences of th s character should be punished by the imposition of severe terms of imprisonment. It s also desirable that the sale of firearms, and as far as possible all weapons, should be strictly governed. The indiscriminate marketing of cheap firearms s a menace to the safety of the public, and their unlicensed sale should be prohib ted."

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

We invite our readers to peruse this second instalment of what is undoubtedly one of the most interesting serial stories that has ever appeared in this or any other War Cry. It is brimful of the most exciting incidents, and the conversion of the hero is a remarkable example of what the Grace of God can accomplish. Read it yourself, and then pass to your neighbour.

On Active Service.

Or, WAR MEMORIES OF A VETERAN IN TWO ARMIES.

CHAPTER II.

JIM GETS THE WAR FEVER.

LIFE in London was full of temptations for a young lad like Jim, especially now that he had parted from his parents. Up to this time he had lived under the same roof with them, but now he had to share a barrack-room with a number of soldiers. They were a rough and drunken crowd, and Jim soon began to feel homesick. It was no good feeling that way, however, the drills and marches went on the same as before, and so Jim had to get over it as best he could. About this time he became very friendly with another drummer in the Regiment—a lad named Hector McKenzie. In spite of his Scotch name, Hector could not speak a word of his native tongue when he joined the Regiment, having been brought up in Boulonge, and learnt only French. His father had fought at Waterloo, and, when peace was proclaimed, thought he would take to himself a French wife and settle down in that country. His dying wish, however, was that his boy should be a British soldier. So that is how young Hector came to be at Wellington Barracks. He and Jim were the smallest drummers in the Regiment, and so that, perhaps, is why they chose each other as bosom chums.

One day the big drum major came marching into the room where Jim and Hector sat polishing their buttons. "Liddle and McKenzie!" he called out, "report yourselves to me at 7 o'clock to-night for special duty."

Wondering whatever they could be wanted for, the two lads reported themselves at the appointed time, dressed ready for parade, with their drums slung across their shoulders.

"Quick march!" said the Drum-Major, and off they went, out of the barrack gates and down the road leading to the city. They were marched to the stage door of the Adelphi Theatre, and here they were informed that they were to take part in the performance that night. A piece was being played called "The Boy King" and the two lads, dressed in ancient uniforms, had to march across the stage rat-tat-tatting on their drums. This, they thought, was fine fun, and they were highly pleased when they were told that they had been engaged for the whole of the time the play continued. They received a shilling each every night they went, and also had a lot of money given to them by the actresses and chorus girls, who took quite a fancy to the little drummers.

Of course this kind of thing was not calculated to do Jim any good, and by the time he had got through performing before London audiences a passionate love for theatricals had sprung up in his young heart. We shall see the result later.

Jim had now been a drummer for three and a half years, and the constant parading, guard mounting and marching had somewhat worn the edge off his enthusiasm for a soldier's life.

Besides, he sadly missed his mother, and had bad spells of homesickness at times. He battled with delight, therefore, a proposal from his father to purchase his discharge. Free from the Army, he went to Glasgow, where his parents lived, and started work as an apprentice to a carpenter. His father was much surprised a few weeks later to receive a letter from the Duke of Wellington saying that in consideration of his long service and good conduct, and owing to the youthfulness of his son, the twenty-one pounds paid to purchase Jim's discharge would be refunded. In such ways does the British Government recognize those who serve it well.

A year after his discharge from the army Jim met with an accident which nearly ended his life. He was engaged in hauling logs of timber from a canal when one fell on his leg, badly fracturing his thigh. He was carried to a local doctor, who after examining the injury, ordered a dozen leeches to be applied to the leg, "to take the swelling down" as he said. Those were the days when a little blood letting was considered a cure for all complaints.

All this time poor Jim was suffering intense pain, but it never occurred to the leech doctor that he ought to set the leg. Finally Jim was carried to the hospital, where he was properly attended to. "Humph!" said the hospital doctor as he heard of the other's blundering attempt at a cure, "it would be a long time before that swelling would go down under such treatment."

For five weeks Jim lay in the hospital with his leg in splints, wondering all the time if he would be a cripple for life, with one leg shorter than the other. To his great relief, however, the doctor said: "My lad, there are many who go out of here with a short leg and a shorter, but you are going out with a long leg and a longer." (Jim looked a bit surprised) "but," the doctor hastily added, "dont be alarmed at that, for the longer leg will shrink after a while, and you will be able to walk without a limp."

This is exactly what happened, for which Jim felt very thankful.

We must now hurry over a few years and come to the time when the Crimean War broke out. There was great excitement in Britain, for this was the first break of a peace of nearly 40 years. Not since 1815 had British troops fought on the Continent of Europe. Then their enemy was the French, now the two rival nations were to make common cause against the Russians.

Jim read all about the prospective war in the newspapers, and all his old military ardour revived. The carpenter's bench now seemed tame and commonplace; he longed for the sound of the fife and drum, the neigh of the war horses, the glittering trappings of a soldier, and the excitement of active service.

These desires were intensified when he saw the 77th Regiment march from the Gallowgate Barracks to the Railway Station—off to the war. The men all seemed jubilant at the prospect of fighting, and even the tune the Regimental Band struck up, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," did not, apparently, cause any regrets.

Jim was so excited that he marched with the Regiment all the way to the station, feeling that he would like to be going with them all the way to the Crimea. Before the regiment boarded the train he had made up his mind to enlist at the first opportunity. "It won't be long before I see you again," he called out to an acquaintance as the train steamed out of the station. But Jim never saw him again, for he fell a victim to dysentery shortly after landing in the Crimea. But he was only one of the thousands who perished in this terrible campaign—one who helped to pay the ghastly toll of war, a toll of mangled and shot-riddled human remains, of diseased bodies, and ruined constitutions.

This part of it, however, Jim was blind to. The glitter and show, the brave departure, and the huzzas of the crowd had dazzled him, and he felt his blood boiling with cageerness to get to the front. On his way home he had to pass a recruiting station, where parties of soldiers were always on the lookout for likely recruits for the British Army.

His heart beat quicker as he saw a sergeant of the 72nd Highlanders making straight for him.

"Going to enlist to-day, young fellow?" said the sergeant, pleasantly.

Now, though Jim was anxious to become a soldier once again, he was too cautious to be trapped into a regiment that stood no chance of going to the front. So, instead of jumping at the sergeant's offer he said:

"Where's your regiment stationed?"

"In Halifax, Nova Scotia," the sergeant.

"And are they going to Crimea?" next asked Jim.

Mistaking his motive in such a question, the sergeant direct lie.

"Oh, no," he said, "they are to the war."

"Then I'm not your man," Jim, and, turning around to walk away.

"Hi! come back!" called the sergeant. "I've made a mistake regiment's under orders for Crimea all right."

"I don't believe you," said coming to a standstill. "You already lied to me, and how know whether you are not another lie to induce me to join."

"Oh, come now, don't be agreeable over a trifle," said sergeant soothingly. "You have to catch recruits by hook or by crook—it's my business—I thought you weren't anxious out and get shot, but however you are, you'll get a good time you join the 72nd, for we have then produced a copy of the and Military Gazette from his ket, and pointed to a list of ments under orders for the Jim saw that the 72nd was a list, and thereupon he took the ing and promised to turn up following day to be sworn in.

On reaching home he told ther what he had done, and greatly distressed at it, but one else was also distressed, was Jim's sweetheart. The the two women pleaded with stay at home and give up of going to war.

"It's too late to talk about that," said Jim stubbornly. "I've taken shilling, and I'm to be sworn in morrow. The only way out of to pay the smart money." The the name given to the amount for a soldier's release after taken the shilling and before finally sworn in.)

"Well, then pay it, Jim," said nie (his sweetheart) "and go Glasgow for my sake and your ther's. If you go I am sure your ther's heart will break—and too, perhaps," she added.

Jim was in a bad fix. It seemed him as if he stood between two duty. On the one hand his called for him to go forth to and shed his life's blood if sary; on the other stood mother sweetheart calling him to with them.

"Nay, Jennie, I can't do it," huskily. "I must go away to war."

But Jennie was not going beaten so easily, and before had hatched a plan to make Jim mit.

"Mrs. Liddle," she said, earshot of Jim, "I am going town to pay the smart money Jim. To-morrow morning tell a friend has paid the money say who, you understand—and suade him to accept his release stay at home."

And so it happened that Jim join the 72nd after all, for the scheme succeeded, and he to stay home and be a good

(To be continued)

Ensign and Mrs. Downey, Recently Married in Newfoundland.

The Source of the Amazon.

A German professor says he discovered a new source of the River Amazon. Instead of from a Peruvian lake, as was posed, the mighty river begins mountain torrent. He says:

Lake Lauricocha, out of which Amazon flows in the form of a rapid stream, is fed by three lets, the largest of which is de Lauricocha. This stream Mount San Lorenzo, a snow peak, and flows on its course by a chain of lakes, into Lake cocha. It is the longest streams flowing into the lake must therefore be regarded beginning of the mighty Amazon

NEW YEAR'S SUNDAY IN PRISON.

Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory Visited—Lieut.-Col. Pugmire Conducts Services in Which Col. Bates of I. H. Q. Takes Part.

Central Prison.

To say that the prisoners appreciated the visit of The Salvation Army on New Year's Day is putting it very mild, indeed. The Dovercourt Band rendered an excellent musical programme, which stirred the hearts of the audience to the very depths. The Band Quartette, Adjutant Habkirk, and Mrs. Moats' vocal selections were very helpful. Staff-Captain Fraser lined out the first song,—

"What can wash away my sin."

which was sung lustily. Certainly the prisoners can make their voices heard in song.

Colonel Bates received a splendid welcome. He spoke as one inspired. From the very first he gripped the men's attention, and the truth spoken went into their very hearts; so much so that when Lieut.-Col. Pugmire gave the invitation to surrender to the claims of Christ, all over the building prisoners with heavy hearts and anxious spirits rose to their feet. The meeting concluded by the Band and audience singing "Abide With Me."

At the Mercer.

We had what we might call a melting time. The Band's rendering of "Mighty to Save" made a profound impression. God was in the place. Colonel Bates' address was the right kind,(and led thoughts upward and Godward. When the Social Secretary called for surrenders, hearts were broken and tears flowed freely Thirty-six girls spontaneously rose to their feet, and these were specially prayed for and pointed to the World's Redeemer. The meeting is now a thing of the past, but we believe the impressions made upon the hearts and minds of the women prisoners will remain.

To a "Cry" representative who sought his opinion of the meetings, Col. Bates said: "I am very greatly impressed with the distinct privilege possessed by Army Officers and Bands in this country. The Salvation Army occupies a unique relationship to prison work. As regards Sunday's meetings, if only half of those adhere to the resolutions they made, the service will not have been held in vain."

A RISING CORPS.

And Its Latest News.

Haileybury.—The recent special campaign has put things here on the up-grade. Our meetings are better attended. Greater interest is being shown by the citizens, and, best of all, nine people have been saved. The Corps is not very large, but what is lacking in that direction is made up in faith and stickability. Our Officers, Capt. Neff and Lieut. Horwood, have just got things nicely in hand. Good congregation on Christmas night. Juniors sang carols and a backslider returned to God. Christmas Crys all sold out. People are asking "When is that big Band coming down again."—J. N. W.

The Fruit of Faith.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Heb. xi.: 6.)
"The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." (Heb. iv.: 2.)
"We which have believed do enter into rest." (Heb. iv.: 3.)
"The trying of your faith worketh patience." (Jas. i.: 3.)
"Building up yourselves on your most holy faith." (Jude xx.)
"Have faith in God." (Mark xi.: 22.)
"Stand fast in the faith." (I. Cor. xvi.: 13.)
"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." (Eph. iii.: 17.)

DID it ever occur to you that faith and trust are the very foundations of life? We are compelled to trust somebody every day of our life. If we go on a strange journey we must trust the railway officials to direct us aright. We must trust the engine-driver with our very lives: if he did not know his business it would mean a serious loss of life. We must trust the people who prepare our food; the butcher who provides our meat, the baker who bakes our bread.

If we had not confidence in people we should go mad. There is a certain form of mania which consists in the belief that danger lurks in everything. The poor patient dare not eat a slice of bread or a piece of meat for fear both should be poisoned. I heard of a man once who dare eat nothing but eggs, which he boiled for himself, so convinced was he that all his servants and friends were conspiring to kill him.

The want of faith brings danger in its train. When I was a very little girl I was always afraid to cross a city street. My mother used to half drag, half lift me across. One day when almost half way across, I took fright at a carriage some distance away, and suddenly pulled back, and, before one could think, we were both nearly under the hoofs of a pair of enormous dray horses! There was shouting and confusion, and had it not been for the prompt action of a policeman we would both have been seriously injured, if not killed.

"Now," said my mother later, "you see, darling, that your lack of trust in me nearly cost us both our lives." I did see, and never acted so again.

As faith is the foundation of social and political life, so is it of the spiritual. It is an essential in both instances. Communities could not hold together without faith and trust; neither can the Kingdom of God. In both cases, to be effectual, faith must be of the right sort.

If you want information of any kind you go to some one who knows. If you are sick you go to a doctor. It would not be of the least use to go to a lawyer and assure him that you had perfect faith that he could make you well. A child can see the folly of that. So then, in matters relating to every-day life, we are sensible, and exercise faith; and, in fact, from constant exercise, it has become natural for us to do so.

But how different it all is when we come to faith in God. Here we are fearful, doubting, timid, and anxious. Many people spend hours in "praying for faith" instead of exercising it. What they really crave is sight. "O Lord," a man once prayed, "give me faith to realize that this sorrow Thou hast sent is for the best; make me see the meaning of it!" He wanted to see. Faith says: "Lord, I cannot see why this should have happened, but Thou knowest; and that is enough for me." Faith is believing when you cannot see; or, as a negro woman once said: "It is jus' takin' de good Lord at His word." If you could see, faith would not be necessary.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God"; and, therefore, we are exhorted to "Have faith in God." We can get nothing in the spiritual world without faith. Paul writes to the Hebrews of a certain people whom "the word preached did not profit, not being mixed with faith in them that heard." Very likely they had a head belief and not a heart belief. We must believe with the whole heart.

A gay, worldly girl was being dealt with in a prayer meeting by a Christian lady. She believed in God, and Heaven, and Hell, but she had no desire to be a Christian. The lady was about to turn away when a young man with an open Bible appeared, and asked the girl to read John iii.: 36: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." She read it. "Do you believe that?" he asked. She said she did.

"Then you have everlasting life," he replied.

"I have not," she replied, in turn. "I have no desire to be a Christian at the present time."

"Will you make God a liar?" said the young man.

"Certainly not," calmly answered the girl, "I am not an infidel. I believe in Jesus, but I have not everlasting life."

The young lady was quite right; while the zealous young man, I am afraid, forgot that "devils also fear and tremble."

The girl had faith of a certain quality, but it was not saving faith. Saving faith will not only "believe that He is," but will "diligently seek Him." (Heb. xi.: 6.) Saving faith is not bestowed upon any who do not want it. If their want of it does not lead them to give up their sins and follies to obtain it, saving faith can never be theirs.

Once at a shipwreck the captain was hurrying his passengers into the small boats, and nearly all were safe, when a woman came struggling up from below carrying a huge jewel case, that under ordinary circumstances she would never have thought of lifting.

"You can't take that," the captain cried; "there is only room in the boat for you."

"I must take it; I must. It has in it all I value most in the world," she declared.

"What madness!" said the captain, "there is barely room for you, and this weight would sink the boat."

But while they were arguing the matter, with a mighty crashing and groaning the ship sank. She had lost her life for the sake of a few jewels! Yes! she had faith. She believed the ship was sinking, she believed the little boat would carry her to safety. But what good was her faith? It might have saved her, but it did not.

Saving faith implies a giving up; a yielding. Before our faith can really save us, we must give up our sin: in other words, repent, for to repent is to be so sorry for your sin that you give it up. Having truly repented, it is by faith that we take salvation. So many hang back from this step

IT WAS MAIDS' NIGHT AT ROSEDALE LODGE.

From The Toronto Globe.

If the hundred or more Toronto women who did without their maids for a few hours last evening could have looked in upon the scene at Rosedale Lodge, The Salvation Army's home for immigrant domestics, they would have been fully repaid for their self-denial. It was the annual New Years reception, which the Lady Superintendent of Rosedale Lodge, Mrs. Major Findlay, gives to the girls who have come to work in the city from the Old Country.

This year 111 invitations were issued, the largest number ever sent out by the lodge, and nearly every invitation was accepted. The majority of those who partook of the good Canadian cheer at the hands of Mrs. Findlay had never spent a Christmas away from the Old Land before. Rosy-faced and happy these girls, most of them English and Scotch, enjoyed themselves with a sincerity that bespoke volumes for the new country of their adoption.

The large spacious dining-room at Rosedale Lodge was lined with long tables laden with a bountiful menu. Overhead festoons of green and red material and here and there a giant bell-shaped ornament gave a touch of the Christmas spirit to the big warm room. The company of guests was divided so that half their number took dinner while the others partook of the hospitality of the drawing-room across the hall. At the festive board Colonel Mapp extended a welcome on behalf of The Salvation Army, and Mrs. Findlay also spoke.

The second part of the evening's programme was devoted to the playing of games and a limelight exhibition of views.

The corner in which the piano was placed was also a most popular resort, and it was not long before the words of the old English and Scotch folk-songs were resounding through the rooms and corridors of the house.

THIRTEEN NEW INSTRUMENTS PRESENTED

Five Recruits Enrolled.

Sydney Mines, C.B.—On Dec. 12th we had with us our Divisional Commander, Major McLean. He was assisted by Adjutant Jaynes, Ensigns Meeks and Meikle, Captains Butler and Hiles. The Major gave a short addresss on the prison work, and then sang a new solo, the audience quickly learning the words and helping him with the chorus. Thirteen new instruments were presented to the Band. The Major also enrolled five recruits as soldiers. Adjutant Jaynes sang, the Major read the lesson, and at the close three souls knelt at the mercy-seat and claimed pardon.—L. McM.

THE WAR CRY

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OUR LEADERS.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs may now, for a second time, be termed Canada's "Old Leaders," as they have definitely wound up affairs and relinquished their command. The Commissioner's failing health has led to a change of leaders earlier than would otherwise have been the case. This, no doubt has been a cause of great regret to Commissioner Coombs, as he ever held Canada in peculiar regard. It was his first territorial command, and he was Canada's first Territorial Commander, and in his early manhood, as well as in these later days, he as he often said, gave Canada lavishly of the best that was in him. Then again, no one entertains a stronger belief of Canada's ultimate destiny as one of the leading nations of the earth, and of the important position that the Army in Canada will occupy, than Commissioner Coombs. To lay down the reins of government, therefore, no doubt was a bitter wrench for our late beloved leader, so let us all remember him in this hour of trial and ill-health, and pray that the good hand of God may be upon him, and that he may be directed into ways that shall be for the honour and glory of God. At the same time let us also remember the dear comrades, Commissioner and Mrs. Rees, who at this time have torn themselves away from human ties, and perhaps are now on the heaving billows coming to take upon themselves the responsibilities of this great command. God bless them and fit them for the great honour and anxieties that will be their lot. May we also ask the prayers of our readers on behalf of Colonel and Mrs. Mapp, who during the interim of territorial leaders will have the responsibility of directing Army affairs in this territory. God bless Colonel and Mrs. Mapp!

At the time of writing, Adjt. Baird of St. John, N.B., is very poorly in health. We pray that the Adjutant may quickly recover his usual robust health—and voice!

✤

Ensign Lewis, of T. H. Q., recently had the opportunity of visiting her old friends, Adjutant and Mrs. McRae, who have charge of our Metropole in Quebec. In the West the Ensign and Mrs. McRae were closely associated for many years.

✤

Captain Ellen Bryon has been appointed to take charge of our Rescue Home in St. John's, Nfld.

✤

Captain Mary Emerson has been transferred from the staff of the Montreal Rescue Home to that of the Winnipeg Grace Hospital.

✤

Ensign Ducker is supplying at Winnipeg Grace Hospital during the absence of Staff-Captain Broster and Adjt. Dunster, who are on furlough.

Watch-Night Services in Toronto.

COL. and MRS. MAPP at the TEMPLE.

MANY CONSECRATIONS AT THE NEW-YEAR'S DAWN

The watch-night services at the Toronto Corps were, on the whole, very well attended, and times of great blessing, reconsecration, and salvation were experienced. At the Temple the service was conducted by Colonel and Mrs. Mapp, assisted by a number of Headquarters' Staff, and also the Training Home Staff and Cadets.

Ten o'clock was the time announced for starting, but for half an hour previous the Temple Band gave a musical programme, as the people came in by twos and threes and took their seats. When the music ceased the congregation were invited to rise and sing the hymn that was appointed to be sung in all the Toronto churches on New Year's morning: "O God Our Help in Ages Past." Mrs. Mapp then led in prayer, and an interesting service was soon in full swing. Brigadier Taylor read the Scripture lesson, the 90th Psalm, Lt.-Col. Pugmire soloed, Staff-Captain DesBrisay gave a brief address, Ensign and Mrs. Hanagan sung a duet, and the Temple Band Quartette rendered a selection.

Then Colonel Mapp gave an address on the subject of "Redeeming the Time." It was weighty and powerful, and before the City Hall clock chimed out the hour of midnight seven souls were at the mercy seat, some for consecration, some for salvation.

As the Old Year went out and the New Year came in everyone in the Temple was in the attitude of prayer All was silence for a few moments, and then the first stroke of the Toronto Big Ben reverberated through the Hall. The death knell of 1910 had commenced. As the sound of the twelfth stroke died away a shrill hooting rose on the midnight air—the joyous salute of the city to 1911.

But the crowd in the Temple welcomed the New Year by standing to their feet and singing with enthusiasm "Take My Life and Let It Be Consecrated Lord to Thee." And in that spirit let us all march forward this year.

LIPPINCOTT STREET.

The watch night service at Lippincott street was conducted by Major Attwell, assisted by Adjutants Walker, Peacock, and De Bow. A very good crowd was present. Adjutants Peacock and Walker each spoke, and Adjutant De Bow soloed. During the service one sister gained a definite victory, which was evidenced next morning in the Holiness meeting, when she rose and gave a touching testimony.

AT LISGAR STREET.

A very nice crowd assembled to watch the Old Year out and welcome the New at the Lisgar Street Corps. The Band turned out well and gave splendid accompaniment to the singing, which was very hearty. Everybody seemed to be impressed with the fact that nineteen hundred and ten, which appeared to have come in only as yesterday, was about to pass away forever. After Ensign Osborne had led us to the throne in prayer, Ensign Mardell sang an appropriate solo. The Colonel read the Scripture lesson, which was very feelingly apportioned to the needs of those who had assembled. Staff-Captain Morris soloed, and Staff-Captain Bloss spoke upon the need of watchfulness. The Field Secretary then took for his subject "Redeeming the Time." In the last moments of 1910 and the first few of 1911 three persons came forward and gave themselves afresh to God.—F. R. B.

AT RIVERDALE.

The passing of nineteen hundred and ten and the advent of nineteen eleven was "watched" by a splendid crowd at Riverdale. The Junior Hall was filled. Brigadier Potter, assisted by Major Creighton, Adjutant Burton, Captains Myers and Dodd, and Lieut. Paddle, led the service, which, throughout, was interesting and withal, solemn. The Brigadier's words were apt, striking, and convincing His choice of choruses, very suitable for the last moments of a year, each one being a prayer in itself. The Band played a selection of revival hymns.

In the singing of "Take My Poor Heart and Let It Be," the old year went into eternity, and the new one began to live.

Several persons made a public reconsecration of their lives by rising from their seats.

AT WEST TORONTO.

Brigadier Morris, assisted by Staff-Captain White, Adjutant Walter, and Captain Weir, conducted the watch-night at West Toronto. The attendance was large, the spirit of the meeting excellent. The Band gave some good music; Mrs. Capt. Buntou sang a solo, and each of the Officers already mentioned took some part in the service.

As the New Year dawned thirteen persons knelt at the mercy-seat, several of whom were men and women who had never before been saved.

DOVERCOURT.

The watchnight at Dovercourt was in the hands of Brigadier Rawling, and naturally the service was a very profitable one. The Hall was almost full, and the crowd manifested a most appropriate spirit right throughout the solemn moments in which one year ended and another began. A general consecration made at a few minutes past twelve brought the service to a close. Adjutant Martin and Captain Golden assisted the Brigadier.

AT EARLSCOURT.

The watchnight service at Earlscourt was conducted by Adjutant and Mrs. Coy, assisted by Captain and Mrs. Church and Captains Mannion and Rickard. Quite a nice crowd attended, and a very touching little service resulted. All of the officers spoke briefly and Mrs. Church soloed. Special prayer was offered for Captain and Mrs. Ruston and their sick child.

POOR CHILDREN'S TREAT.

Over 1,500 Little Ones Given a Good Time by The Army.

The Christmas season is emphasized by the Children's Festival. The message of the Babe of Bethlehem warms people's hearts towards the little ones, and every effort is made to give them as good a time as possible. But for many poor children there would be no nice Christmas dinner and no kind Santa Claus to bring them toys and candies at this festive season, unless The Salvation Army interested itself on their behalf.

For a whole week previous to Christmas, Salvation Army lasses might have been seen on the Toronto streets standing by big pots hung on tripods or holding little boxes in their hands, mutely appealing to the passers-by to contribute something towards the fund for keeping the poor children. Twenty-two and a half cents will provide a good dinner and a bag of candy and toys for a child, and it speaks well for the generosity of the citizens of Toronto that enough was given to enable over fifteen hundred of the poorest children to enjoy the treat.

For many days the Officers at the differenet Corps were busy searching out the real deserving cases, and on December 30th at 5 p.m., hungry and excited crowds gathered at the fourteen Army Halls scattered throughout the city.

In they swarmed, and while comrades on the platform entertained them with music, the children beat time with their jaws, and soon demolished all that was before them.

An Officer from Headquarters presided over the feast at each centre, and, from all reports, had quite a time getting the youngsters quiet enough to sing grace. They seem to consider noise an essential part of the proceedings, and how on earth the Officers managed to get them to listen to an address afterwards is a problem. But some of them succeeded, though they had to cut out the introduction and the ending, and just give the main point.

At Riverdale Staff-Captain Bloss started them singing. When they had bawled the Maple Leaf Forever and several Army choruses, their surplus energy was somewhat worked off, and he took advantage of a pause to tell them that it was owing to the consecration of General Booth that they were enjoying that feast. Then someone shouted "Three cheers for The General," and pandemonium broke out once more.

As a general rule the young people of the Corps volunteered to wait on the tables, and excellently they performed their task.

The little daughter of Brig. Potter was a very enthusiastic helper at Riverdale, and made herself especially helpful by her attention to some very small children who came in shivering with the cold.

Some of the Officers inquired into the circumstances of some of the children, and found that they were indeed the poorest and most needy in the city. One little girl, who seemed to have charge of four smaller children, said that her father had died some months ago of consumption, and that mother had to go out washing to get enough to keep them all.

And such cases might be multiplied. Misfortune is the chief cause of poverty in this large city.

During the progress of the treat Colonel Mapp, accompanied by Cols. Gaskin and Pugmire, visited several Corps to see how things were going, and spoke a few words to the children at each place.

After dinner came the distribution of toys, together with bags of nuts and candies, and the little ones went off homewards to show their parents what the Army Santa Claus had given them.

THE ARMY'S WORK AT HALIFAX

2,440 Christmas Dinners Given Away.

The responses of the citizens of Halifax to the Army's appeal on behalf of the poor was very generous, and Major McLean was enabled to give away 2,440 dinners. This exceeds last year's effort by 1,440. A local paper says: "The homes of the poorest people were visited by Army Officers and Soldiers, and a good substantial basket was sent to all the deserving cases, containing the following: Potatoes, turnips, roast beef, tea and sugar, bread and fruit.

"These baskets were unconditionally given out, only ten being given to the poor members of The Salvation Army, and the Major gave to all that were in need whether they were Catholic or Protestant. The stories told by some of the unfortunate people were verey pathetic, and the good citizens who gave for this effort should feel well repaid for the amount of good they have dono in this connection, as many poor were cheered with a good substantial dinner.

The amount received for this charitable work was $450, $350 from the pots on the street, and $100 in personal letters. After all bills are paid in connection with this effort, there will be a small balance left for the winter relief."

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER

And Staff-Captain Sims at Hamilton.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Turner and Staff-Captain Sims visited Hamilton I. on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st, 1911. The watchnight service in the No. I. Citadel was attended by a very large crowd. The Band assisted. One soul volunteered out to the mercy-seat.

On Sunday the Colonel's meetings were well attended. In the afternoon he addressed the young people. At night, when the Citadel was packed, twelve souls sought salvation.

Mrs. Colonel Turner and Captain Dalzell visited the No. II. Corps at night. They had a rousing time, with five souls at the mercy-seat.

And now Hamiltonians are looking forward to the Colonel's visit on Jan. 15 and 16, when the new Y. P. Hall will be formally opened.

Ensign Madele Wilson, of New York, recently conducted a five-days' revival campaign at Kingston, Ont.

The changes that were announced to take place this month include the transfer of Adjutant and Mrs. Poole to Woodstock, Ont.; Capt. and Mrs. Raymer to Lindsay; Ensign and Mrs. Cavender of St. John III. to Barrie, Captain and Mrs. Royle to St. John III., Ensign and Captain Pattenden to Midland; Captain and Mrs. Layman to Galt.

Commissioner Coombs

BIDS GOOD-BYE TO THE HEADQUARTERS' STAFF AND CITY OFFICERS

A Striking Tribute.

THE monthly meeting of the Headquarters' Staff, City Officers, and Cadets was of a very interesting and uncommon character. As usual, it was characterized by great spirituality and an earnest seeking after God.

The Chief Secretary outlined the special meetings that will be held in connection with the welcome to Canada's new Leaders, Commissioner and Mrs. Rees. The character of the welcome services will be found on the last page. The Chief Secretary briefly reviewed the past career of the incoming Commissioner, and spoke warmly of the affection and confidence that The General and the Chief of the Staff had in him. In this connection we may reprint the following extract from the latest English Cry:

"Our readers may remember that the Commissioner was appointed to Australia on his leaving Sweden last year, but that a serious breakdown in Mrs. Rees' health prevented his taking the journey and made it seem at the time improbable that she would be able to work in the Melbourne climate. Mrs. Rees is, we are glad to say, very much better for her sojourn in England, and, though still far from strong, is able to proceed with the Commissioner to Toronto."

God bless our new Leaders.

The comrades who had been appointed to address the meetings were Major Creighton and Staff-Captain DesBrisay, and both gave able talks on subjects suited to the period of the year.

Lieut.-Col. Pugmire was in the midst of a song when to the delight of all present, Commissioner Coombs made his appearance. A vigorous and spontaneous greeting was evoked by his unexpected presence, and at the conclusion of the song, Col. Mapp paid a fine tribute to the Commissioner's work, worth, and example. He said that he had ever found him a true servant of God, and that he was a better man for his touch and association with Commissioner Coombs.

There were three things that the Colonel rightly said all present were grateful for: One was the lives of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs. Their example of zeal and devotion for the Army was treasured by Salvationists everywhere; two for their S. A. work for God throughout the world, and three for the work that they had accomplished throughout the Dominion.

The Commissioner received a hearty ovation as he stood to his feet and gave us his parting blessing. He spoke about his health, which had been the means of causing him to ask to be relieved of the responsibilities of his command, also about his furlough, and then with broken voice thanked all for the assistance and loyal service they had rendered to him, and of his love for them, and commissioned Colonel Bates to convey assurances of our love to The General and Chief and Foreign Secretary. He also bespoke our love and loyal service for Commissioner and Mrs. Rees, and then fervently prayed and commended all to the loving care of our Father in Heaven.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs will have the best wishes and prayers of thousands in Canada, and let us all pray that a speedy restoration to the front of the battle may be the experience of our late Leeaders.

The Chief Secretary,

LIEUT.-COL. PUGMIRE AND THE RIVERDALE BAND ::

Visit the Toronto Jail on New Year's Morning.

Over 300 prisoners (men and women) heard the sweet strains of the Riverdale Band in the Toronto Jail on New Year's morning. This was the first time a Band had ever played within the walls of the Prison. They gave a short musical programme standing in the rotunda of the Jail, where every prisoner could hear. The rendering of "Jerusalem My Happy Home" brought tears to some eyes, after which the Band played the "National Anthem."

Previous to this the prisoners ate a hearty breakfast, at which each prisoner received a bag of fruit, the gift of the Army and the Governor. This little act was much appreciated by the men. The service was a powerful one. Governor Chambers spoke very fittingly, and expressed his pleasure at having The Salvation Army and its Band with them in the early hours of the New Year.

Ensign Mardall sang most feelingly "In His Steps," after which the Chief Secretary gave a heart-stirring address. He spoke of sin and its consequences, and of the remedy provided by a loving Heavenly Father for the healing of the nations. It fell to the lot of Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire to give the invitation, and in response a large number of prisoners immediately rose to their feet for the purpose of yielding their hearts and lives to God. It was a touching sight, and yet one which must have made Heaven glad. Staff-Captain Fraser prayed fervently for them as they stood.

Staff-Captain Bloss and Adjutant Habkirk at the same time conducted a service with the women prisoners.

SOULS SAVED ON THE HOLIDAY.

Temple.—Major and Mrs. Findlay conducted the Sunday night meeting (Jan. 1st). Five persons sought salvation at the mercy seat. The Band, during the evening, played the old hymn which was sung in all the Churches in the morning, "O God Our Help in Ages Past."

On Monday, which was, of course, a holiday, two big open-air meetings were held, followed by meetings in the Temple.

Adjutant Kendall led on. At night five more souls sought salvation.

PERSONALITIES.

In his private office at T. H. Q., Lieut.-Col. Pugmire, on New Year's eve, conducted the wedding of Brother J. T. Reid and Sister Clarissa A. Pointon of Toronto.

Colonel Lamb has made a report to The General regarding his recent visit to Canada, and issued it in pamphlet form under the title of "Launching." The War Cry congratulates the author on a most interesting and attractive report on the Dominion.

Major Miller, the architect, is at present on a long Eastern tour, visiting and inspecting properties in the East Ontario Province and St. John and Halifax Divisions. On the journey eastward the Major made a stop at Cobourg, and conducted the watchnight service there—the place to which he was sent as Cadet some 25 years ago.

Brigadier H. Morris presided over the annual New Year's dinner given on Dec. 31st at the Newcomer's Inn. Some seventy persons were the guests of The Army on that occasion.

A humerous incident happened in connection with the tour of Colonel and Mrs. Sowton in the Marathi Territory (India). Two Staff Officers being anxious to get ahead and fix up the acetylene lamp and gramophone in a certain village, selected a light conveyance, made out of a sugar box, to which they yoked a young bull. They took a short cut, but were greatly surprised, after turning a corner, to find themselves in full view of the regiment stationed in the locality—an Irish one. The sight of two Europeans in Indian dress thus perched in a sugar box on wheels, it will be readily imagined, created no little sensation.

Staff-Captain Sims gave a splendid Christmas dinner to sixty poor men from the Wilton Avenue Metropole, Toronto. The men appreciated this very much.

Adjutant and Mrs. G. P. Thompson, who recently left Canada for the Old Land, have, we learn, been appointed to take charge of the Army's Emigration Department in Glasgow, Scotland.

Staff-Captain Holman, of the St. John's (Nfld.) Rescue Home, has been appointed to take charge of the Home at St. John, N. B.

In our references in last week's War Cry to the Officers who have been appointed to do special emigrant work in England, we omitted the name of Adjutant J. Andrews, who also sailed with the party.

Adjutant Tudge, of Winnipeg, and Sergeant-Major Peacock and daughter of Regina, are sailing for England at the end of the present month. They are crossing the Atlantic in order to do special emigration work in the Old Land.

We deeply sympathize with Ensign and Mrs. Grandy, of Pilley's Island, Nfld., who, we learn, have just lost by death their little boy.

THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

A good many Souls have made a new start for the Kingdom with the New Year.

WHY NOT YOU?

A WAVE OF SALVATION.

Regina.—On Monday night, Dec. 19, we held our Christmas demonstration. The children gave the big crowd a good long programme. Each child was given a present from the tree.

Our Sunday School is growing very rapidly. Sunday, Oct. 25th, was a day which will be long remembered. At the Holiness Meeting two souls came out to the mercy seat. A good crowd came to the free-and-easy meeting to listen to music rendered by the Band and Songsters.

At night a mighty wave of salvation swept over our meeting. A large number remained at the prayer meeting. Every Soldier and Bandsman was deeply in earnest for souls. Two men came forward, then two more. Next came a little boy about 10 years of age; then another man. Then a little girl. Three more men made a total of twelve for Christmas Sunday. Each of the seekers gave a bright testimony. We closed the meeting at 11.45 by singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" and the Salvation Army doxology, and by saying good bye to Sergeant-Major Peacock, who is leaving us for a few months and going to England.—W. D. Payne.

A NEW OPENING IN THE WEST.

Strathcona, Alta.—We have just welcomed the first Officers to this Corps (Captain Lidman and Lieut. Toth. Ensign and Mrs. Habkirk assisted by the Edmonton Band conducted the installation of the Officers. We had a very interesting meeting. Several of the comrades spoke words of welcome. Our faith is high for the work in this town.—Envoy Smith.

AWAY FROM CHURCH FOR TWENTY YEARS

Two Enrollments.

Victoria, B.C.—During the past month, beginning with the half-night of prayer in which twelve persons volunteered for salvation and consecration, there has been a wonderful soul-saving movement going on in the meetings. At one Saturday night open-air a man knelt at the drum head to seek salvation, and for a period of two weeks there were souls at the penitent-form in almost every meeting. Several converts were not in the habit of attending our meetings, and one man had not entered a place of worship for over twenty years.

Two enrollments have taken place, and there is to be another very soon.

The young people of the Corps and also the Band gave two special programmes, which were very successful financially, and the proceeds were used to install electric light in the new quarters which the Officers now occupy.—A. E. T.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CAPITAL.

What the Army Did.

From an Ottawa Newspaper.

About three hundred children of poor families of the city partook of a good substantial supper yesterday afternoon at The Salvation Army citadel, between the hours of four and six, and from appearances and judging by the amount of merriment which prevailed, they enjoyed themselves immensely. The children sat down in two lots, as accommodation could not be found for all to sit down at once. The first lot numbered two hundred, and the second numbered one hundred. Whilst one party was having supper the remainder were entertained by songs and music, and notwithstanding the fact that these children represented many nationalities all joined in the Canadian anthem "The Maple Leaf Forever." The expense of supplying the supper all came out of the money realized by means of the pots on the corners, which, all told, took in $900, this year. Out of this amount a large sum was taken out Saturday to provide Christmas baskets for nearly four hundred poor folk in the city. These baskets contained meat, vegetables, fruit, candy, and other eatables. In order to find out that all these people were deserving of aid the members of The Salvation Army were obliged to go to the homes and investigate. In each case papers had to be filled out.

NEWS FROM WALLACEBURG.

Wallaceburg.—The annual Christmas festival was held on Thursday, Dec. 22. The programme consisted of songs, solos, dialogues, bar-bell drills, and club swinging, all of which were much enjoyed by a large audience. More so the children when Santa appeared on the scene to distribute the gifts. The Songsters were out carol singing on Christmas night. The Bandsmen were out on the Monday serenading. They met with good success.

The work of the Army is much appreciated by the people of this place. Captain Pollitt and Lieut. Redding are leading on.

Bowmanville.—We held our annual Christmas tree and demonstration on Dec. 22nd. Mayor Mason acted as chairman. Crowds and finances were good. Captain Liddard is holding on while Lieutenant George is on furlough.—J. N.

Lindsay.—The revival fire is still burning. The devil is very downhearted on account of sinners getting saved. Brothers Richards and Wells conducted a red-hot meeting on Thursday night. Adjutant and Mrs. Poole are still leading on.—Cadet E. B.

A LESSON FROM THE WAR CRY SUPPLEMENT.

Brantford.—On Sunday night, Dec. 18th, Ensign Hamilton, after paying a tribute to the Editor of The War Cry for the excellent Christmas number, drew his lesson from the supplement "Saved From the Sea," and took for his text "And there was no more sea" (Rev. xx.: 1), which created a strong impression on his audience.

During the week the Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Newman and the songsters under Secretary Walter Johnson gave Christmas music and song in various parts of the city. On Thursday night the Ensign conducted the meeting, assisted by Sergt. Osborne and Br. White. The Ensign was busy all day on Saturday distributing baskets to the poor. The meetings all day on Sunday were conducted by Ensign Hamilton, assisted by the Sergt.-Major and the Treasurer.

Bro. Barker from St. Thomas and Sister Smith from the United States are visiting the Telephone City.

On Thursday Major Green conducted the wedding of Sister Lillian Diamond and Bro. Will Bissett, at the home of the bride at Brighton Row, and also of Sister Edith Godden and Bro. George Gordon, at the bride's home on Eagle avenue.

On Monday evening the children hold their annual Christmas tree in the Citadel.

WE WANT YOUR VOTES.

For the

BANDSMEN'S COMPETITION,

in the Christmas Cry.

Also for the

SHORT-STORY COMPETITION,

Open to all readers

Remember, your vote will help someone to get

A TEN-DOLLAR BILL.

The Competition closes : on JANUARY 17th. :

So send in your vote right away saying which Bandsman's story you liked best; also the one that gave you most pleasure in

THE SHORT-STORY COMPETITION

Send your Post-Card to the Editor at once.

Morrisburg.—During the epast few weeks our meetings have been very well attended. On Sunday, Dec. 25, one sister claimed victory. After a well-fought prayer meeting at night a backslider sought and found the Saviour. On Thursday night another backslider, who had been under conviction for some time surrendered his all at the close of the meeting. He threw his pipe and tobacco in the fire.—M. B.

MAJOR McLEAN AT NEW GLASGOW.

Glorious Week-End—Revival in Progress.

(By Wire.)

New Glasgow, N.S., Jan. 2.

The visit of Major McLean, assisted by Captain E. Clayton and Lieut. Hougaton, was a glorious success. Eight souls sought salvation. Attendance for week-end totalled 1,000 persons. Finances excellent. A number of recruits were enrolled. The Band was reorganized. Major McLean's addresses were inspired by the Holy Ghost. Splendid effect. A grand revival is in progress.

THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY

Visits West Toronto on New Year's Sunday.

Brigadier Potter received a hearty welcome from the Officers, comrades, and friends of the West Toronto Corps on Sunday (New Year's Day). The afternoon service was one full of interest and life. The testimonies were given along the lines of gratitude for past mercies, and some touching references were made to the passing of the Old Year.

The hearty and congregational singing was quite a feature of the service. The building fairly rang with songs of praise, and the part singing was very pleasing. The Brigadier spoke on the necessity of perseverance in the Christian race. An interesting service was closed by the congregation singing the 23rd Psalm.

The meeting at night was preceded by an open-air service which, despite the inclement weather, was well attended, and attracted a large crowd.

At the inside meeting the hall was crowded to the very doors. The excellent spirit of the afternoon service was maintained, and all felt that 1911 had been started well at West Toronto. The singing of Mrs. Captain Bunton and Captain Bonynge was greatly appreciated and the address of the Brigadier on "Good Night" was listened to with rapt attention. The crowd stayed well into the prayer meeting, when two men and two women boldly stepped out on the Lord's side.

The whole Corps, under Captain and Mrs. Bunton, are doing well. The Band is still improving.

In the last eight days twenty souls have sought salvation and holiness at the mercy-seat.

On the last Sunday of the old year Envoy and Mrs. Bissett of Brantford were at West Toronto. Captain Bunton enrolled six new soldiers in the afternoon. At night Staff-Captain and Mrs. White, assisted by Adjutant Cornish, led on. The latter gave a splendid address, at the close of which six souls sought salvation.

Rocky Harbour, Bonne Bay.—On Nov. 26th the marriage of Sister Louisa Shears and Bro. Bussey took place in our Hall.—Cadet B. W.

Saskatoon.—Captain Williams was with us over Sunday. Two souls sought God. We have welcomed Envoy and Mrs. Bailey.—Shamrock.

VANCOUVER'S MAGNIFICENT RESPONSE

To Army's Appeals—700 Garments Given Away.

The response of the people of Vancouver to the Christmas appeal of The Salvation Army has been most generous, totalling to date the sum of $1,512.10. $822.10 of this amount was given in the "Pots a' Boilin'" which were on the street from Tuesday, Dec. 20th, to Saturday, Dec. 24th. On the Saturday the pots brought in the handsome sum of $360.10.

The return of the Christmas appeals was made the occasion of receiving some encouraging notes from the donors, who thoroughly appreciate the Army's effort in looking after the poor.

There was no indiscriminate or haphazard giving, but the families were visited in their own homes for weeks by devoted Officers. Many touching scenes of want were witnessed, where the breadwinner had been ill for many weeks, or bereavement or other cause had made the cupboard bare. These were the cases which received help. Then over 700 garments were distributed to needy creatures. It was a herculean task, but all worked with a will with splendid results. Winter relief will be dispensed with the usual precaution, so that those who may be really in want may be helped, and the gifts of the generous friends used to the best advantage.

A SISTER IN THE GLORYLAND.

Six New Soldiers.

Guelph.—A number of people have knelt at the mercy-seat recently, and six new soldiers have been enrolled.

On Saturday, Dec. 17th, Ensign and Mrs. Macdonald, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Applegath, conducted the funeral service of the late Lizzie Balfour. Our departed comrade was only 21 years of age, but had been a Salvationist for a number of years, coming up from the Juniors in Edinborough I. away in Bonnie Scotland. Later she was a soldier at the Temple Corps, Toronto, where many heard her sweet voice raised in song will remember her. She has never been able to come to meetings in Guelph, but was visited constantly by the Officers and left a good testimony; her last words to her mother were: "Don't cry, mother, I'll soon be with Jesus." At the memorial service Sunday night the Band played "Promoted to Glory." Bro. Wildegust sang our comrade's favourite song, "The Beautiful City." Two dear children came weeping to Jesus in the after meeting.—G. M.

SUMMERSIDE SIFTINGS.

Cadet Squarebriggs has arrived at Summerside from the Training College. He had some wonderful things to tell us about his stay there. Sergts. Wave and Forsythe of Charlottetown were with us on Monday and conducted a meeting. Sister Forsythe is on her way home to Ireland.

Our meetings are now being well attended.

Mrs. Brigadier Adby was with us for the week-end.

Our Officers are about to farewell, we regret to learn.—Ava Wilson.

Wedding Bells in Merrie Windsor.

CAPTAINS RUFUS RAYMER AND KATHLEEN DOHERTY HAPPILY MARRIED.

New Year's Day being observed on Monday, January 2nd, made it possible for a "Big Go" in Windsor.

Colonel and Mrs. Chandler, our leaders, were on hand, with quite a few Officers from surrounding Corps.

Capt. K. Doherty.

Our Citadel was crowded with as enthusiastic a crowd of Salvationists and friends as one could wish to see. And no wonder, for was not Captain Kathleen Doherty getting married? She was converted when a young girl right here in town, fought as a good soldier in our midst, became an Officer, and right proud are we of her achievements as such. The ceremony was a very happy one, full of Heaven-born joy that the children of God alone experience.

From the commencement when the Band played the wedding party in, until the handshakes at the close, there certainly was not a dull moment.

The speeches of Adjutant Hancock, Ensign Raven, and the mother and sister of the bride were all right, and prepared the way for the standing forward of the expectant pair. Col. Chandler tied the knot tight, after which he read congratulatory messages from Colonels Mapp and Gaskin, and Major Hay. These messages tell of the high esteem in which the "newly weds" are held. A natty little speech from Mrs. Captain Raymer and an address from her husband followed, breathing the true spirit of devotion, loyalty, and Christ likeness, while Mrs. Chandler, who had sweetly soloed earlier in the evening, gave a practical talk to us all. It was full of sound sense and tender counsel.

The Colonel closed this very interesting service with a few well-chosen words and prayer.

Mention must be made of the fine music of the Band during the evening, and the singing by the Songster Brigade.—A Windsorite.

Captain Rufus R. Raymer entered the Training College from Yorkville Corps in 1905. His first Corps was Carleton Place, where he was sent as Pro-Lieutenant. Then came Morrisburg and Buckingham, and subsequently promotion to Captain and appointment as C. O. of Pembroke. Stratford Divisional Headquarters was the Captain's next appointment, where he filled the capacity of helper. At Toronto D. H. Q. and Orillia D. H. Q., Captain Raymer did similar work, the latter place being his last appointment before his marriage.

Captain Kathleen Doherty came out of Windsor, Ont., in 1906. On leaving the Training College she has appointed as Lieutenant to special work in Western Ontario. Bowmanville was her first Corps. Then came Aurora, Welland, Owen Sound, and Listowel. At the latter place she was promoted to the rank of Captain and then went as second in command to Sarnia, from which place she farewelled a few weeks ago in order to be married.

Capt. Raymer.

The War Cry wishes for Captain and Mrs. Raymer God's choicest blessings, and a long career of usefulness in His service.

PRISONERS BUILD A WELCOME ARCH

To Show Gratitude to The Army.

In a letter to Colonel Pugmire, Envoy Dawson, who has charge of our work in connection with the Prison Farm at Guelph, says:

"We had a splendid time on Christmas Day (Monday). The Corps Band visited the Farm, and a number of Juniors contributed items which took on well with the men. The latter built an arch with the word "Welcome" on it. The arch, which was illuminated at night, was put up by the men to show their gratitude to the Army for its help and cheer. Sergeant Lyons, who looks after the prisoners, spoke very kindly of the writer and of the work done by the Army in all prisons in the Dominion."

VISITORS AT FENELON FALLS.

Captain Snelgrove, of T. H. Q., and Sister L. Mortimore visited Fenelon Falls on December 31 and January 1. On Saturday afternoon they boomed the War Cry making the very most of their last opportunity to do so in the old year. The meetings on Sunday were attended by good crowds. The solos of Sister Mortimore reached the hearts of the people and were the subject of much comment. The Corps is still putting up a good warfare for God and souls.

CAPTAIN NORMAN FAREWELLED.

The Band Is "Going Some."

Calgary Corps.—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Coombs have returned from the Congress in Winnipeg, full of holy zeal and more than ever determined to defeat the Devil.

Sunday all day the Band and soldiers in good trim for fighting. And, Mr. Editor, the Calgary Band, under the able leadership of Major W. Creighton, will not take a back seat from any band west of Toronto for sweet harmonious playing.

Sunday night Captain Norman, who has been connected with the social work here for over two years, and who has done a good work among the deserted children, farewelled. We shall miss her bright, sunny face. Three souls were saved at the close of the meeting.—May Jackson.

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Major Cameron and Cadets at Wychwood.

Toronto's "Mountain" Corps, Wychwood, was visited by Major Cameron, Captain Eastwell, and the Cadets on Sunday, December 11th, 1910. Four souls offered themselves afresh to God, and one soul surrendered for salvation in the Holiness meeting. The afternoon meeting was led by the Cadets, who made the meeting "go" with their bright testimonies and songs. Major Cameron the "mother of the Training College," dedicated to God a baby of one of the soldiers. The last meeting saw thirteen souls at the mercy-seat. We had a hallelujah finish.

SOUL-SAVING WORK PROSPEROUS

Charlottetown, P.E.I.—Since the arrival of Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove quite a number of sinners have been led to God, and several backsliders have returned.

On Sunday, Dec. 11, one young man knelt at the mercy-seat. On the following Monday night six souls sought and found the Saviour.—Soldier.

THE DOOR OF OPPORTUNITY.

Hamilton III.—The Salvation Army is well represented in the East End of this city by a handful of faithful soldiers. Our work is conducted chiefly in the open-air, and we find that is the place where the door of opportunity is indeed wide open. On Sunday night Envoy Wiltshire gave us a call. His red-hot message was made a blessing to us. We are believing that we shall have a new Citadel very soon.—Faithful.

Cranbrook.—On Sunday, Dec. 4, Bro. Roberts was enrolled as a soldier. Afternoon and evening meetings were crowded. One soul for salvation. New soldiers and converts are doing well.

St. Stephen, N.B.—On Sunday, Dec. 18th, two local Officers, the C. Sergeant-Major and Treasurer were commissioned. On Thursday, Dec. 22nd, two more backsliders returned to God.—The Devil Router.

How the Bible is Translated.

THE LINGUISTIC DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED BY THE TRANSLATOR

A Fiu Man or Mwala, Solomon Islands.

IT is hardly possible for us to imagine what it costs to translate the Scriptures for the first time into the tongue of some barbarous tribe which possesses no alphabet, no vocabulary, no grammar. When Henry Nott, the predecessor and companion of John Williams in the South Seas, had spent twenty years in Tahiti so that he might perfect himself in its language, he then proceeded to spend twenty years more in order that he might render the Bible into Tahitian. We do not sufficiently recognize the heroic drudgery of the noble army of translators, who toil on with untiring patience to give men of all races the Gospel in their native speech. The difficulties are enormous, the labour is almost inconceivable, the initial mistakes are not seldom astonishing and amusing also. Imagine the translator in New Guinea who wanted the proper idiom for "far be it from me to do this thing." He consulted an intelligent catechumen and explained the idea to be conveyed. "Yes," replied the catechumen, "I understand exactly. We have the precise idiom: we say, 'May I speak to my mother-in-law before I will do this thing!'" For in that land of strange taboos one of the unpardonable sins is for a man to open his lips to his wife's mother.

Some Linguistic Difficulties.

How can you find a name for "lamb" among the inhabitants of some island where the only quadrupeds are pigs and rats? How can you render "whiter than snow" in the dialects of West Africa, where snow is utterly unknown? How can you translate "harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music" in the language of the Siberian Samoyedes, whose sole notion of music is the sorcerer's drum?

Some of the most uncouth languages indulge in curiously elaborate inflexions. St. Mark's Gospel is published by the Bible Society in Lengua, the speech of an Indian tribe in Paraguay. Eight hundred inflexions is quite a moderate number for a regular verb in Lengua. Many words, however, are of enormous length. The word for eighteen is "Sohog-emek-wakthla-mok-eminik-antanthlama." Literally translated, that means, "Finished my hands, pass to my other foot—three." For fingers and toes serve as units. The word for butter in Lengua is "Waitkyanamankukingminik-ikpithmuk" — which means, literally, "the grease of the juice of the udder of the cow."

The translator of the Gospels into Hwa Miao, which have just been published by the Bible Society for an aboriginal tribe in Western China, found great difficulties in obtaining any equivalents for certain terms. He could get no rendering for "the Comforter" in St. John xiv., in spite of repeated inquiries, until at last his Hwa Miao teacher came to say that "he must be absent for a day, as a friend had lost her child and he was going to console her": the word which he employed meant, literally, "to bring her round a corner."

The Moral Problem.

But the translator's worst difficulty of all is the moral difficulty. Here is one instance of it, from the experience of a gifted linguist who encamped for some time among an Indian hill tribe, and set out to translate the Parable of the Prodigal Son into their speech. But he discovered that their only notion of feasting was to get intoxicated on native beer. Their only word for festival meant "much beer-drinking." So when he tried to render the phrase in the parable "they began to be merry," he had the utmost difficulty in finding any word for rejoicing which did not also suggest drunkenness. Such an experience illuminates the real problem. Not only the heathen, but the speech of the heathen, must be Christianized. Their language itself needs to be born again. Their very words have to be converted from foul meanings and base uses and baptized into a Christian sense, before those words can convey the great truths and ideas of the Bible.

Very broken and imperfect to begin with must be the first version of the Gospel in a barbarous tongue. And yet with all its defects and shortcomings, each of these versions—even the earliest and the crudest—becomes a means of grace. "It tells me my heart," confessed the negro in the West Indies. "It makes men new" cried the Bechuana in South Africa. So out of the mouths of savages comes testimony to the wonderful Word of God.

The Work of the Reviser.

The task of Bible revision, as well as Bible translation, is going on continually. At this present time nearly a hundred different versions are being made or improved or completed in various parts of the world. The work is carried on by missionaries and scholars and linguists, generally organized in committees under the Bible Society's auspices, and often at its expense. The last revision of the Lifu Old Testament involved above 40,000 corrections. The Bible Society expended over £3,000 on revising the Malagasy Bible, and £3,500 on revising the Hindi Old Testament—in both cases apart from all cost of printing and publication. But no pains and no expense are wasted which enable God's Book to speak as clearly and simply and sweetly as possible to each man in his own tongue.

Besides providing the Scriptures in every language, the Bible Society aims at one accepted version in each language. By its experience and its resources it has influence and authority to unite the most competent scholars at this sacred task, and so to provide for each heathen land a practically authorized version. It is no small gain to escape sectarian translations made by separate Missions. Whatever else divides Christian missionaries abroad, at least they should appear to one and the same copy of the Bible.

The Redemption of a Language.

Such work has plainly a high scientific interest and value. From one point of view the Bible Society is a great philological institute. It has crystallized and created scores of languages, which, until then, had no alphabet in existence. It has taken many a corrupt and degraded dialect and purified its forms and phrases, so that the poor miserable jargon has become clothed and in its right mind—transformed, like the demoniac of old, into a messenger of redeeming love.

Even in a faulty translation, with many inadequate terms, the Word of God is far more pure and holy than anything else in the speech of a heathen tribe. The Rev. A. W. Banfield, who has translated the Nupe Gospels for a race on the Upper Niger, tells us that the natives themselves have often said to him: "You take our words and so change them that we hardly recognize them again." "We never thought that you could say such pure things with our language."

Burmese Girls.

A Moorish Country-Woman.

Scholars admit the immense influence which has been exercised by the English and the German versions of the Bible upon the languages of England and Germany. But even the lowest and most sordid forms of speech can be transfigured as they learn gradually to express Christian ideas. Though they have lien among the pots, yet they become as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.

"The Home-speech of the Mouth of God."

It is one chief concern of the Bible Society that in each country the Scriptures shall be rendered not into

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Promoted to Glory.

A report referring to the death of Bandsman E. Morgan has already appeared in the War Cry. However,

Bandsman E. Morgan.

we print the following additional information taken from a report sent in by Band-Sergeant Cross of Halifax I., where Bandsman Morgan was an active worker for seven years:

"Special mention was made of the Sunday night before Bandsman 'Ted' took sick, when he was the means in God's hands of leading two young men with whom he stayed to the Cross." The Halifax No. 1 Band headed the funeral to the cemetery. Here we laid to rest the body of a comrade who had died at his post."

The memorial service was held on the following Sunday in a crowded hall. Five souls sought salvation.—W. F. C.

BANDSMAN THOS. WATSON OF CALGARY CORPS

Again the Death Messenger has visited our Corps and taken from our ranks Bandsman Thos. Watson. The call came very suddenly and unexpectedly but thank God our comrade was ready. He was at work all day Saturday, and up till a late hour at night in his usual health. Then he became ill about two o'clock in the morning, and, after suffering intense pain for about 18 hours, passed away.

The saddest part is that his dear wife, who has been treasurer of our Corps for the past eight years, is away in England, and will not be able to get home for some time. Every comrade, we are sure, will pray that God will put his loving arms around her and bear her up in this time of sad bereavement.

Bandsman Watson was converted about 16 years ago in Portage la Prairie. He came to Calgary about fourteen years ago, and has played in the Calgary Band almost all that time.

Staff-Captain Coombs, assisted by Mrs. Coombs and Mrs. Major Creighton, conducted the funeral service. Bandsman Jackson, who has known the departed ever since he came to Calgary and has played in the Band side by side with him for all those years, spoke very feelingly of our comrade's life, also Bandsman Harwood, who was converted in the same Corps and fought as a soldier with him in the home Corps, spoke, also Major Creighton, our present Bandmaster.

The Band turned out almost to a man, and marched all the way to the cemetery, followed by quite a number of soldiers and friends.

The memorial service will be conducted when Mrs. Watson arrives from the Old Land.—May Jackson.

SERGEANT F. SEYMOUR OF BOTWOOD

Death has visited our Corps and taken from our Corps Sergeant Frederick Seymour, one of the oldest soldiers. About three weeks ago our comrade was taken ill with a severe attack of typhoid fever, and at the end of that period passed peacefully away to be with Jesus. During most of his sickness, he seemed to be in a stupor, on account of the severity of his pain. One night he called for a comrade to sing and pray with him, and he managed to get strength enough to join in weakly. While they

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OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

International Headquarters,

The General.

The most recent campaign of The General was at St. Helen's, in Lancashire, where he addressed large and responsive audiences in the Hippodrome. Many distinguished citizens assured our Leader of cordial sympathy and support. Concerning the meetings, Colonel Lawley writes:

"Sixty-five years ago The General made up his mind that his life's vocation should be to pull men and women out of the fire; and during the past thirty-three years I have heard him say, and that with all the purpose of his sanctified mind, that he would rather win souls than be the Tsar of all the Russias or the mightiest archangel that stands before the Throne of God.

"From that consecration he did not swerve one iota in St. Helens yesterday: every song, every sentence, every prayer, every invitation was so ordered and so spoken that each tended to the immediate conversion of men and women. From first to last his cry was: 'Behold the Lamb of God!' Never have I heard him make it clearer than he did on Sunday that there is no other name given amongst men whereby we can be saved but the name of Jesus.

"The mass of men and women that crowded every possible seat and corner of the great Hippodrome at night moved The General's nature to its very deepest. He preached as if he felt he was talking to a St. Helens audience for the last time.

Although the Divine influences present appeared to be irresistible, yet I am afraid that most of the congregation had their eye upon the forthcoming Christmas festivities and pleasures, for no more than thirty-three made up their minds to save their souls."

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Great Britain.

The conclusion of a shipbuilding lockout in Scotland was made the occasion of a public thanksgiving service at Govan Corps. During the lockout between 500 and 600 children have been fed by The Army every morning. Several hundred men have also been provided for at midday. No fewer than 17,500 meals have been supplied to children and men in the Hall, while hundreds of homes have been visited, and provisions taken to families who were without food.

One big, finely-built man, standing over 6 feet in height, took one of our local officers by the hand and said, with tears running down his cheeks, "God bless you and your Army! But for your kindness we might have starved to death. You were the only people who came to ask us if we were in need. For your kindness I, with my wife and children, will always remember you!"

During the recent Holiness Campaign conducted throughout the British Field, nearly 500 young people made application for Officership. This is apart from the Training College Territory, where thirty-seven comrades volunteered.

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Women's Work in Leeds.

Mrs. Booth recently visited Leeds for the purpose of forwarding the interests of a women's hotel in that city. In the course of her address, given before an influential gathering, she said that they had not been able to work the place quite as they hoped to work it—as a purely paying lodging-house. Directly they started they found so many applications from women who had not the money in hand to pay for lodgings, and who were just the sort of women they wanted to help, that they had done a good deal in the way of providing free beds, the women in many cases subsequently paying by the work they did in the institution. During the three years 6,528 free beds and 14,638 free meals had been given. They had given 41,000 beds in exchange for work, and nearly 17,000 meals.

Those who had been helped were of varying class and character. Eighty were runaway young women; others had attempted suicide; during the three years 700 old people had been assisted.

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France.

Colonel Fornachon, and the Officers and Soldiers of France, are to be heartily congratulated on the advance they have made on their last year's Self-Denial result. The total reached is 24,166 francs, 1,000 francs more than was raised twelve months ago.

This is specially gratifying in view of the fact that in January and March a large number of people were rendered homeless, and much damage was done in various parts of the country by floods, while even during the time the effort was on whole districts in the western part of France were also devastated in the same way.

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Denmark.

A fortnight's special effort is being made on behalf of backsliders throughout Denmark. Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg opened the campaign on Sunday at Helgesens Gades Corps, Copenhagen, being assisted by the Headquarters Officers and the Staff Band. There were exceptionally good congregations, the building being packed at night. Twenty-two souls, including a number of backsliders, sought Salvation.

The Commissioner also spent an evening at Thorsgade, another city Corps, where again the Hall was gorged, and four souls knelt at the mercy-seat.

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South America.

The annual congress of South American Officers was led by Commissioner and Mrs. Cosandey in Buenos Ayres. Four days were spent in Council, the subjects dealt with including (says Major Souter) Personal Character, Saving Souls, Influence, Love of Christ, and the Holy Ghost.

These "spiritual feasts" were followed by a great public demonstration in the hall of the Italian Opera, which drew a crowded audience. A number of International groups, in costume, as well as reperesentatives of the five Republics of South America in which our flag is flying, were on the platform, and their appearance aroused intense enthusiasm. Each group sang in the language of the country represented.

Several Officers were dedicated for service in other parts of the Territory, and Major and Mrs. Souter farewelled for Jamaica.

So great was the interest created by the demonstration, that a large number of people were unable to find seating accommodation, while the majority of that huge audience remained until 11.30 p.m., when the proceedings were concluded.

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United States.

A manifesto has been issued by Commander Miss Booth, outlining her plans for the coming year. First of all she states that there is to be a siege of the unsaved. Some of the advances she reckons on are as follows: Backsliders reclaimed, 2,000; conversions, 10,000; new soldiers, 2,000; candidates, 250; anti-drink pledges, 10,000. She also plans to get The War Cry read more. Her ideal with regard to the Army literature is as follows: "The ideal I hold ever before me with regard to the War Cry is precisely the same I hold with regard to the poke-bonnet and military cap of the field officer—that it should regularly and systematically be found crossing the portals of every home in America; nothing less must suffice."

Another important literary advance contemplated is the issue of a monthly magazine, devoted to the progress of the social work.

One new Citadel a week is the advance wanted as regards properties. Poor Men's Hotels and Industrial Homes are also on the programme.

Ex-boozer's conventions are also to be a feature of 1911's activities, and schemes are to be put on foot for dealing with the foreign population of American cities.

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South Africa.

During the recent celebrations in Cape Town in connection with the opening of the first South African Parliament, Commissioner and Mrs. Richards were received by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at a grand reception held at the Town Hall. Their uniform was recognized with a smile of approval.

In the death of Sir Henry Bale, Chief Justice of Natal, the Army in South Africa have lost a good friend, says the South African Cry.

"For many years Sir Henry has shown a keen interest in The Army's operations. He supported The General when in this country in 1908 at a meeting in Pietermaritzburg, at which his Excellency the Governor presided.

"In September, 1905, it was Sir Henry Bale who opened the new Home at the Durban Social Farm, when he expressed, in the highest terms, his gratification at what was being done in the interests of the men at the Farm."

Plan to Explore the Antartic.

A second expedition to Antarctic regions is being planned by patrons of polar research. They are confident that Captain Scott will succeed in passing Shackleton's furthest station, and in reaching the South Pole ton, and in reaching the South Pole by a march as strenuous and as scientific as Peary's in the north. When that feat has been accomplished it will never be necessary to repeat it, but much exploration will be required before the Antarctic continent can be definitely outlined and charted.

Members of the Royal Geographical Society are discussing the expediency of following up the discovery of the South Pole when it is made with a systematic survey of the outer coast, of which isolated patches have been sighted here and there. Sir Ernest Shackleton is intensely interested in this proposal, and will volunteer for the leadership of an expedition if adequate funds can be raised for it.

What is now proposed is an expedition with two ships which will follow the ice barrier all the way around, forcing it at three or four points so as to leave landing parties at widely separated stations and linking together the discoveries made by the various explorers, German, French, American, and British.

Big Fires in the States.

Three very serious fires have recently occurred in large cities in the United States, causing much loss of life. In Chicago nearly thirty firemen were killed, and 40 were injured, and in Philadelphia thirteen firemen and a policeman lost their lives, and thirty-eight persons were injured, while in Cincinnati two deaths and many injuries are reported.

The Chicago fire started in the beef house of Morris and Company, and as the firemen were working on it an overhanging canopy fell, carrying with it tons of red-hot bricks and debris. The firemen were caught in a veritable furnace, into which their comrades were unable to dig for hours.

Nearly all those who were not killed outright when the walls fell were roasted to death before help could reach them.

The Philadelphia fire began in a leather factory, and the fatalities were caused by numbers of firemen and police getting caught under tons of debris when the four walls fell inward. Those firemen who escaped the fire and shock had their lives further endangered by the freezing water which filled the basement. Some of the bodies were removed frozen solid in cakes of ice.

The police reserves were called out to assist, and as they were engaged in trying to remove a girder which imprisoned a fireman a wall crashed down upon them.

In Cincinnati and entire business block was burned, the damage amounting to over two million dollars.

OH, IF HE DOES!

Bridgetown, N.S.—Our Christmas meetings went with a good spirit. The open-air marches nowadays are "rousers." Santa Claus recently paid us a visit. On Sunday night a man held up his hand for prayer. If he gets saved, as we are hoping and praying may be the case, he will boom things here.—W. C. C.

East Toronto.—On Sunday, Jan. 1, we had a very enjoyable time. One soul got soundly converted.—W. Paddle, Lieut.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

(Continued From Page Two.)

As soon as any of us reached that state we should that very moment cease to be human.

Holiness as we understand it, the Holiness which The Army and its Leaders advocate, is a much more practical and everyday thing. The General describes it in a sentence as the entire separation of the soul from sin, and the devotion of the whole being to the will and service of God.

Just that and no more. Many confuse it with that pious sanctimoniousness which must be as distasteful to God as it is repulsive to men. Others look upon it as a state in which there is perpetual, rapturous joy; but do not we read that Jesus Himself was a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and that Paul was subject to deep depressions?

Other people suppose that Holiness releases man from the possibility of temtpation, but Jesus was sorely tempted, and many of the world's brightest saints have been fiercely assailed by the Evil One. Others, again, imagine it is a state of freedom from infirmities, but we hear Paul's voice ringing hopefully down the ages: "I rather glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Holiness doesn't save us from mistakes, but it does purge us from evil intentions.

Nor is Holiness a state in which there is no further development, for we are commanded to "grow in grace."

It can be obtained only by the renunciation of all evil, and even doubtful things, and the continual surrender to God of the will and affections. Faith that God will fulfil His promises is the last of the conditions, and when this is met the Holy Ghost will enter the heart and complete the wondrous transaction. —E. R. W.

BIBLE TRANSLATION.

(Continued From Page Twelve.)

a formal literary style, suitable for scholars and courtiers, but into the "vulgar tongue" which common men understand in the market-place, which mothers use with their children in the cottage. There are not a few countries where alongside of a scholarly standard translation of the Bible it has been found necessary to provide colloquial versions as well. In China, for example, besides the Bible in Wenli, the literary language dear to all educated Chinese, and the Bible in Mandarin, the most widely current vernacular, the Society has published the Scriptures, or some part of them, in fifteen other colloquial dialects of Chinese, each spoken by millions of people. To meet the needs of fifty thousand Malay-speaking Chinese in the Straits Settlement, the New Testament is being rendered into their special form of the language known as "Baba" Malay.—From "The Book Above Every Book."

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

(Continued from page 12.)

sang "When I'm Nearing Jordan's Billows, Let Thy Bosom Be My Pillow," he seemed encouraged, and when asked how it was with his soul, said "All is well!" Sunday morning the chariot lowered, and our comrade joined the blood-washed throng. We buried him the following Tuesday. In our hall, where a very nice service was conducted, some testimonies were given by several comrades who knew our brother's life. Captain Oake conducted the service. After this we marched to the cemetery and had a short service at the graveside. Our comrade leaves a wife and six children. We pray God to bless them.—G. A. J. C.

A Fight for a Soul.

From the British War Cry.

AS the Captain entered the little dwelling her heart sank within her.

Jack Hasty, the convert of a month's standing—whose testimonies of deliverance from the power of the drink, which had been his ruin, had been such a power in the Meetings, and whose home had been turned from a "hell" into "heaven" since he had banished the drink from it—had broken his vows to God and The Army!

The drink-devil had come back again, into the heart and home of the happy convert, and had brought with him other devils more desperately wicked than himself to enjoy the luxury of ruining past all redemption that which conversion had "swept and garnished."

On the table stood a jug of beer; in front of it sat Jack Hasty, though he ought to have been at work long ago, and in the corner sat the poor wife—pale-faced and frightened—with five little children crying around her knees!

The eldest ran to the Captain as she entered, crying: "O Captain! We're so glad you've come! Do see if you can do something for father! That wicked man has been tempting him to drink; now he says it's no good his trying to keep his Salvation, that the Devil's got too tight a grip of him to ever let him go, and if we try and stop him on his road to Hell he'll murder all of us!"

"For shame, Jack " said the Captain, her eyes blazing with righteous indignation, while he stuck his hands deep in his pockets and cowered before her . Then she took the jug from the table and threw the contents out into the yard.

The poor wife and the children watched her spell-bound! They were in mortal terror of the man when drink had made him half mad; and they had good cause to be. During the miserable years of his former slavery to the demon alcohol he had rendered their lives a misery to them; threatened them so that they trembled at the sound of the unsteady footsteps coming home from the pub; and often, in the dark winter's night, turned them out into the cruel blast and the snow!

As to touching his drink—they would never have dared to do it!

But the Captain was not frightened; she just went down on her knees and prayed; and her prayers were punctuated with the sobs of the wife, and the cries of the children; while the man sat still glowering at them!

Presently, there came a knock at the door, and it was opened to give entrance to the Lieutenant. She had come to "hold on" while the Captain went to pray with a dying woman. So the Captain left the pathetic little scene to go on her fresh errand of mercy, and when she came back she found the faithful Lieutenant had got the man on his knees, but instead of praying for help, he kept saying that he had "broke it" and must go to the Devil. Why wouldn't they let him go?"

"Because of your wife and children! I'm going to fight for them as well as you!" said the Captain.

He got up and rushed to the door. "I'm going out!" he shouted. "I'm going to every public-house I can see while my money lasts, and then I'm coming home drunk!"

"Then I'm going with you!" said the Captain.

He just glared at her, and went out, followed by the woman-warrior, while the Lieutenant stopped behind to comfort the terrified family, and make "a cup of tea" with what little there was in the house, while she assured them that "God, the Army, and the Captain were not going to be beaten by ten thousand devils, and father would be a man yet!"

In the first public-house the Captain was ahead, and at her request the landlord very willingly refused to serve Jack Hasty, but he could not get the unwelcome customer out of the bar.

Some of the men and women who were drinking all around the Officer, and the now desperate man shouted: "God bless The Army girl!" whilst others held out cans and glasses so that Jack Hasty might get a drink in spite of the landlord. But he never got can, mug, or glass near his lips, for the Officer's arm came between them and the drink which she knew would madden him.

The landlord looked on anxiously, and was much relieved when Jack rushed out.

In the roadway, in spite of the Captain's pleadings, he insisted on having "just one more drink," and finally disappeared inside another public-house.

Almost despairing, the Captain went and told one of the Soldiers of the Corps about the fight she was having for Jack's soul, and he at once accompanied her to this second pub.

Jack was raising a pot of beer to his lips as they entered, but as soon as he caught sight of the Captain he put it down.

"It's no use," he shouted. "There she is—she said she wouldn't leave me!"

Then he gave in, and went with them to the Meeting, which was now proceeding at the Hall.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Officer who sent us the facts of this story adds: "After a great struggle Jack got a full deliverance! Oh, how glad his poor wife and children were! Thank God, their joy came back when the Devil was once more turned out of his heart—never, we pray and believe, to return again!"

OSHAWA'S NEW CITADEL.

Continued from Page Four.

Fowke, Esq., M.P., with a silver key. In accepting this, Mr. Fowke said that he felt a great honour had been conferred upon him, inasmuch as he was to open to the public, for the first time, the new Army Citadel.

Fully 200 people were unable to obtain admission to the inside meeting over which Mr. Fowke presided. He was supprted by many influential citizens, also Revs. Hodges and Lewis. Lieut.-Colonel Turner lectured on the work of the Army. The appeal for financial help received a splendid response. Oshawa, so Col. Turner informs us, has given greater assistance than any other town or city in the country where a new Hall or Citadel has been erected.

At night, in their new home, the Corps and friends mustered in champion style. Eight men and women sought salvation, two being son and daughter-in-law of the married couple who came forward on the previous night.

The new Citadel, measured on the outside, is 60 ft. long by 40 ft. wide, is approached by cement walks and stone steps, and has a stone foundation. There are two electric lights at the sides of the main entrance, and the whole place is lighted by electricity. In the basement is a splendid Y. P. Hall, 37 ft. long, and accommodating about 250 persons; Band room, officers' room, furnace and coal rooms; all of which are reached by means of a small door in the front of the building, as well as by other doors.

The main auditorium contains about 360 seats. These are of the latest pattern, known as "opera" chairs. The auditorium has a hardwood floor, pine dados, metallic ceiling, and altogether is well worthy of the Oshawa Citadel, in itself, one of the best buildings of its type that the Canadian Field possesses.

We Miss You.

INFORMATION URGENTLY WANTED

To Parents, Relatives, and Friends,—

We will search for missing persons in any part of the Globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Lieut.-Col. Pugmire, 20 Albert St., Toronto, marked "Enquiry" on envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses; in case of reproduction of photo, two dollars. Officers, Soldiers, and Friends are requested to assist us by looking regularly through the Missing Column, and to notify Col. Pugmire, if able to give information concerning any case, always stating name and number of same.

First Insertion.

8195. JESTINGS (mother and 3 children) left Perrott Settlement, Annapolis, N.S., two and a half years ago. Supposed to have gone West. Charlie aged 12, Roy aged 10, Harold aged 7. All of light complexion and fair hair. Mother's name Jennie.

8190. JENNINGS, WILLIAM, Electrical engineer. Was at one time in Toronto and Quebec. Friends in Australia most anxious for news.

8185. SMITH, W. H. Left England in April in charge of party of boys coming to Canada. Went on to Vancouver. Last heard of about four months ago. Was working in hardware store. Church worker. Last-known address Beatty street, Vancouver. Height 6 ft., age 32, good looking.

8198. SMITH FAMILY. Father, Edward Smith, carpenter; mother (maiden name E. Barrett.) Sons, Bert, Robert, and George. Daughters, Maud, Rose, and Ada. Left Portsmouth, Eng., in 1889 for Toronto. May have gone to the United States. Please communicate with the above office.

8058. LARK, HERBERT F. Last heard of in Montreal. Aged father and mother in the Old Country in great distress at not hearing from him. Formerly came from Yarmouth, England. Kindly communicate with above office.

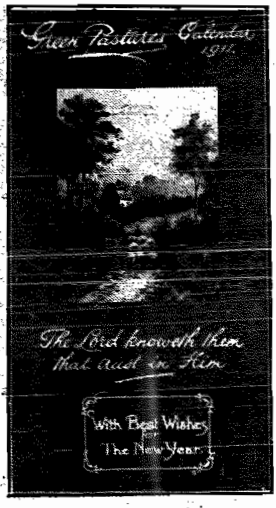
8120. RUSSELL, HENRY PERCY. Single, age 26, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. English. Last heard of in Minto, Man. News wanted.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ARE you or your friends contemplating a sea voyage? If so, YOU will be well advised to consult us as to Sailings, Rates, etc. We are agents for all the leading Steamship Lines: C.P.R., Allan, White Star-Dominion, C.N.R. "Royals," and Donaldson Line. These companies have sailings every few days. Passengers met on arrival at ports of embarkation and landing. Specially conducted parties from the Old Country sailing frequently to Canada. Advice freely given, correspondence solicited. Full particulars supplied on application to Brigadier Morris, Albert St., Toronto; Staff-Captain Jennings, Box 477, Halifax, N.S.; Major Hay, 22 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.; Adjutant Tudge, Rupert St., Winnipeg, Man., or Staff-Captain W. J. Wakefield, 301 Hastings St., East Vancouver, B.C.

Scripture Texts, Mottoes, Xmas Cards, Calendars, etc., etc.

OUR Stock has just recently been augmented with several New Lines. We have pleasure in calling attention to some of the following:



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Size 8 by 5½. A six-page upright Turnover Calendar, with fine Floral Designs. Embosed Title Page. Monthly Calenrad in clera figures. Specially selected Texts. Corded to hang.

No. 261. "Another Year."
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Commissioner and Mrs. Rees

will be WELCOMED to this TERRITORY at a

GREAT UNITED RALLY

TO BE HELD IN THE

TEMPLE, on THURSDAY, JANUARY 19th.

AT 8 p.m.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY will conduct the proceedings, assisted by the TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS' STAFF, COLONEL and MRS. GASKIN, LIEUT.-COLONELS and MRS. PUGMIRE AND TURNER, BRIGADIERS and MRS. BOND, POTTER, TAYLOR, RAWLING, MOREHEN, MORRIS, and others.

COLONEL BATES, the International Auditor-General, will also be present.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

There will be REPRESENTATIVE SPEAKERS, the MASSED BANDS will play, the T.H.Q. STAFF BAND and MALE CHOIR will be to the front...Different phases of The Salvation Army work will be represented

IT WILL BE A STRIKING AND NOVEL WELCOME.

Admission FREE, by Ticket, which SOLDIERS and FRIENDS may secure from their Officer.

On Wednesday, JAN. 18, **COMMISSIONER & MRS. REES**

will meet all the OFFICERS of the City in the COUNCIL CHAMBER, at 4 p.m.

Pray for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our new Leaders.

APPOINTMENTS.

COLONEL GASKIN

JANUARY 28 and 29... ... ...HAMILTON.
FEBRUARY 4 and 5... ... ...OWEN SOUND

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER will visit—

JANUARY 15 and 16. (Opening of new Y. P. Hall)... ....HAMILTON
Staff-Captain Sims will accompany.

BRIGADIER BURDITT—

JANUARY 10 and 11..... ... ...EDMONTON
JANUARY 12... ... ...SASKATOON
JANUARY 19.... ....PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE
JANUARY 20..... ... ...REGINA
JANUARY 21 and 22... ... ...PRINCE ALBERT

BRIGADIER TAYLOR—

JANUARY 14, 15, and 16... ... .KINGSTON

MAJOR AND MRS. GREEN will visit—

JANUAR 10..... ... ...BARRIE
JANUARY 11.... ....COLLINGWOOD

MAJOR SIMCO (London Division)—

JANUARY 10 to 12... ... .SARNIA
JANUARY 13 to 16... ... ...WALLACEBURG
JANUARY 17 to 19..... ... ...LEAMINGTON
JANUARY 20 to 23... ... ...ST. MARY'S

STAFF-CAPTAIN ARNOLD—

JANUARY 15... ... .MOOSE JAW
JANUARY 22..... ... ...PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND— ...

JANUARY 28 and 29 ... ...BELLEVILLE

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tunes.—Aurelia, Funeral Sheet, 10; Song-Book, No. 444.

1 My body, soul, and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.

My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire.

Oh, let the fire, descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole!

I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy precious Blood;
Now seal me by Thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

Free and Easy.

Tunes.—Steadily Forward March, 102; Song Book, No. 550.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye
Soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner, it must
not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory His army
He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished, and
Christ is Lord indeed.

Chorus:

Steadily forward march, to Jesus we
will bring
Sinners of every kind, and He will
take them in;
Rich and poor as well, it does not
matter how,
Bring them in with all their sin;
He'll wash them white as
snow.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus! the
trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict, in this
His glorious day.
With loyal hearts now serve Him,
against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger, and
strength to strength oppose.

3 There comes to my heart one
sweet strain—
A glad and a joyous refrain;
I'll sing it again and again,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love

Sweet peace, etc.

By Christ on the Cross peace was
made,
My debt by His death was all paid;
No other foundation was laid
For peace, the gift of God's love

In Jesus for peace I abide,
And as I keep close by His side,
There's naught but His peace doth
abide,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Wells, 91; Spanish Chant, 90; Song-Book, No. 172.

4 Let me hide myself in Thee,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
Let the water and the blood
From Thy wounded side which
flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I will hide myself in Thee.

Harwich, 181; Drink When I'm
Dry, 180.

5 All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh!
To you is it nothing
That Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is,
Come see if there ever
Was sorrow like His.

For what you have done
His blood must atone;
The Father has punished
For you His dear Son.
The Lord in the day
Of His anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb,
And He bore them away.

For you and for me
He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted,
The sinner is free;
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon
God cannot deny.